VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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...REW LAW.

FOURTH EDITION WITH ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

PRINTED UPON A NEW PLAN.

PART SECOND.

PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.

PRINTED AT WINDSOR, *(Vermont)* BY *NAHUM MOWER.*—1805.

1865

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1805

Rayee

y Book

THE

ART OF SINGING;

IN THREE PARTS:

TO WIT,

I. THE MUSICAL PRIMER,
II. THE CHRISTIAN HARMONY
III. THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

BY ANDREW LAW.

FOURTH EDITION WITH ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.
PRINTED UPON A NEW PLAN.

PART SECOND.

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1865

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS DISTRICT, *to wit :*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the tenth day of December, in the twenty-eigth Year of the Independence of the UNITED STATES O MERICA, ANDREW LAW, of the said District, deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Author, in the V following, *to wit :* The Art of Singing ; in three Parst, *to wit :* 1. The Musical Primer. 2. The Christian Harmony. 3. The Musical M zine. By ANDREW LAW. Fourth Edition, with additions and improvements. Printed upon a new plan.

In conformity to the Act of the CONGRESS of the UNITED STATES, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securi Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein mentioned."
A true Copy of Record.

N. GOODALE, } *Clerk of th*
} *Massachus*

Attest, N. GOODALE, *Clerk.*

S*784
L41

METRES.

Lines in a verse.	Syllables in a line.	Tunes.
4 Long Metre	8 8 8 8	Old 100
4 Common Metre	8 6 8 6	Mear
4 Short Metre	6 6 8 6	Beverly
Particular Metres		
6 lines	8 8 8 8 8 8	Charleston
8	6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4	Southbury
6	6 6 8 6 6 8	Canton
6	10 10 10 10 11 11	Newport
6	10 10 10 10 10 10	Newbern
4 evens	7 7 7 7	Lancaster
4	7 7 7 7 7 7	Vienna
	6 6 7 7 7 7	Pewsey
	8 8 6 8 8 6	Lystra
	6 6 8 4	Leoni

Lines in a verse.	Syllables in a line.	Tunes.
Peculiar Metres.		
4	10 10 11 11	Hanover
4	11 11 11 11	Norwich
4	11 11 11 5	Tempest
3	5 5 11	Malta
4	5 5 5 11	Mill Ville
4	8 8 8 8	Sweden
4	8 7 8 7	Stamford.
6	8 7 8 7 4 7	Winchester.
8	7 6 7 6 7 8 7 6	Cadiz
5	8 6 5 5 8	Briſtol
7	6 6 4 6 6 6 4	Trinity
6	6 6 9 6 6 9.	Galilee

Peculiar Metres have, frequently, two short syllables together, and require different tunes from others of the same number of syllables.

Many of the tunes are double, comprehending two verſes.

Cadiz may be ſung to the metre of Amſterdam, by adding a ſlur to the two firſt notes of the ſixth line.

Lebanon and Gath may be ſung in the 89th and 113th pſalms Particular Metre. Pſalms and Hymns of this me- may be ſung in Long Metre tunes, by repeating the two firſt or the two laſt lines of the tune; if the tune be le, two lines of each verſe may be repeated to complete the tune.

Athens	C.	115	Habakkuk	L.	146	Olivet	Pec.
Aſhley	C.	124	Hadley	L.	143	Orange	C.
Abridge	C.	156	Haverhill	L.	158	Pewſey	P.
Berea	C.	135	Hebron	C.	149	Plainfield	L.
Briſtol	Pec.	133	Hotham	P.	108	Portland	S.
Cadiz	P.	114	Iſlington	L.	148	Portſmouth	P.
Calvary	Pec.	142	Italy	L.	110	Sicily	C.
Cambridge	C.	136	Jordan	C.	159	Stamford	Pec.
Chapel	P.	129	Judea	C.	137	Stafford	C.
Concord	L.	118	Kedron	Pec.	130	Syria	C.
Corinth	Pec.	128	Keene	C.	123	Tempeſt	Pec.
Cuba	L.	126	Lebanon	L.	126	Trenton	C.
Cyprus	C.	151	Leoni	P.	142	Trinity	Pec.
Derby	C.	136	Lyſtra	P.	154	Troas	C.
Doncaſter	C.	145	Malta	Pec.	134	Trumpet	P.
Evening Hymn	L.	141	Marſeilles	P.	140	Turin	P.
Epheſus	C.	149	Medfield	Pec.	113	Waſhington	C.
Falmouth	P.	105	Mill Ville	Pec.	156	Walpole	L.
Funeral Piece	C.	112	Myra	S.	155	Waybridge	C.
Galatia	C.	152	Namure	C.	148	Wincheſter	Pec.
Galilee	Pec.	150	Norwich	Pec.	140	Windham	C.
Gath	L.	138				Vienna.	P.

1 Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; Oh! do not our suit dif - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? 2 Lord, on
3 In thine own appointed way, Now we seek thee, here we ſtay; Lord we know not how to go Till a bleſſing thou be - ſtow. 4 Send ſome
5 Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy re - turn; Thoſe who are caſt down, lift up; Make them ſtrong in faith and hope. 6 Grant that
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
thee our ſouls de - pend, In com - paſſion now deſcend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to ſing thy praiſe, Tune our lips to ſing thy praiſe.
meſſage from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy ſpirit now impart Full ſalvation to each heart, Full ſal - va - tion to each heart.
thoſe who ſeek, may find Thee a gracious God, and kind; Heal the ſick, the captive free, Let us all re - joice in thee, Let us all rejoice in thee.

WASHINGTON. No. 107.

Slow.

1 Our ſouls, by love together knit, Cemented, mix in one; One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heaven on earth

2 The little cloud increaſes ſtill, The heavens are big with rain; We haſte to catch the coming ſhower, And all its moi

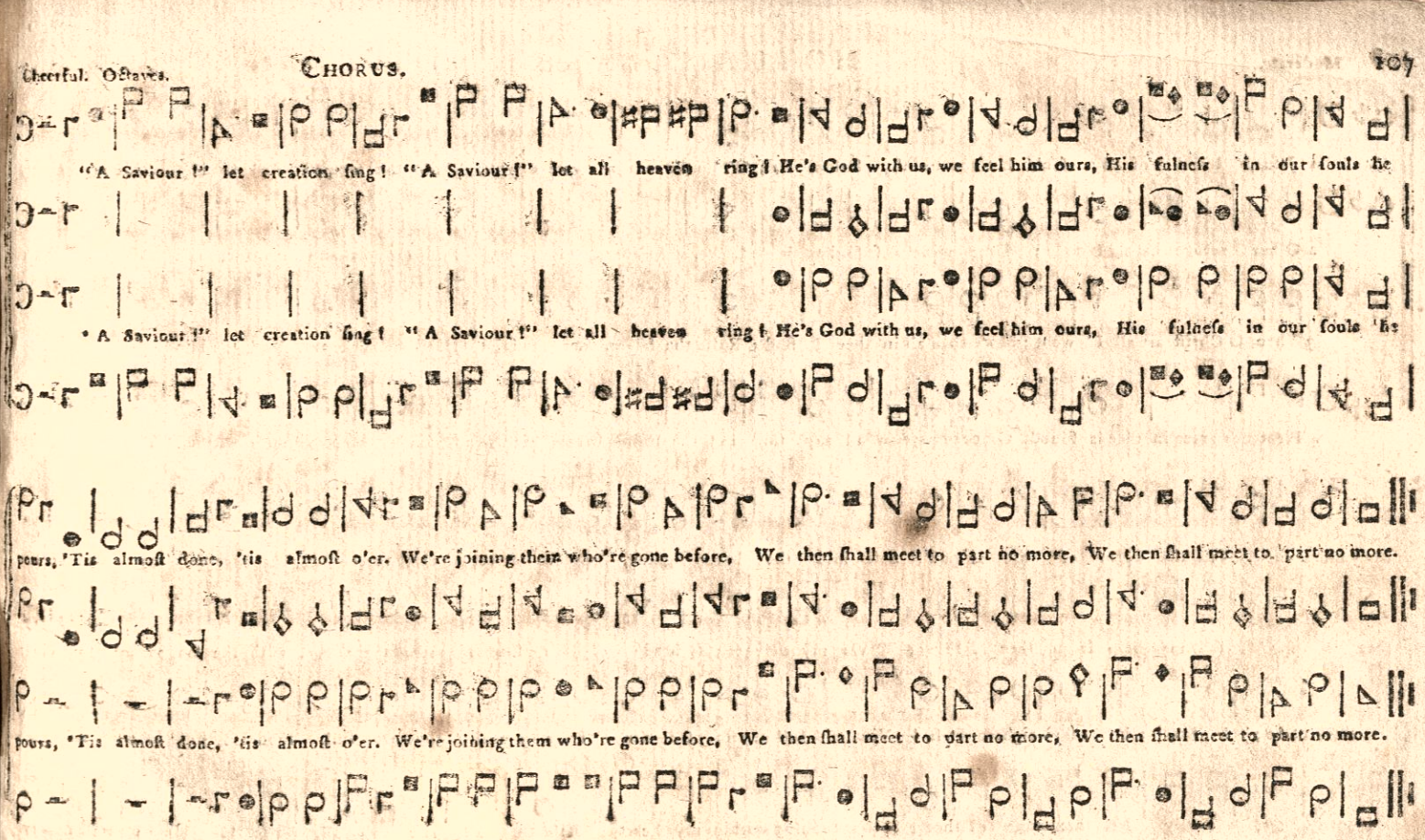
3 And when thou mak'ſt thy jewels up, And ſett'ſt thy ſtarry crown; When all thy ſparkling gems ſhall ſhine, Proclaim'd by thee

Soft. Loud. Soft. Loud.

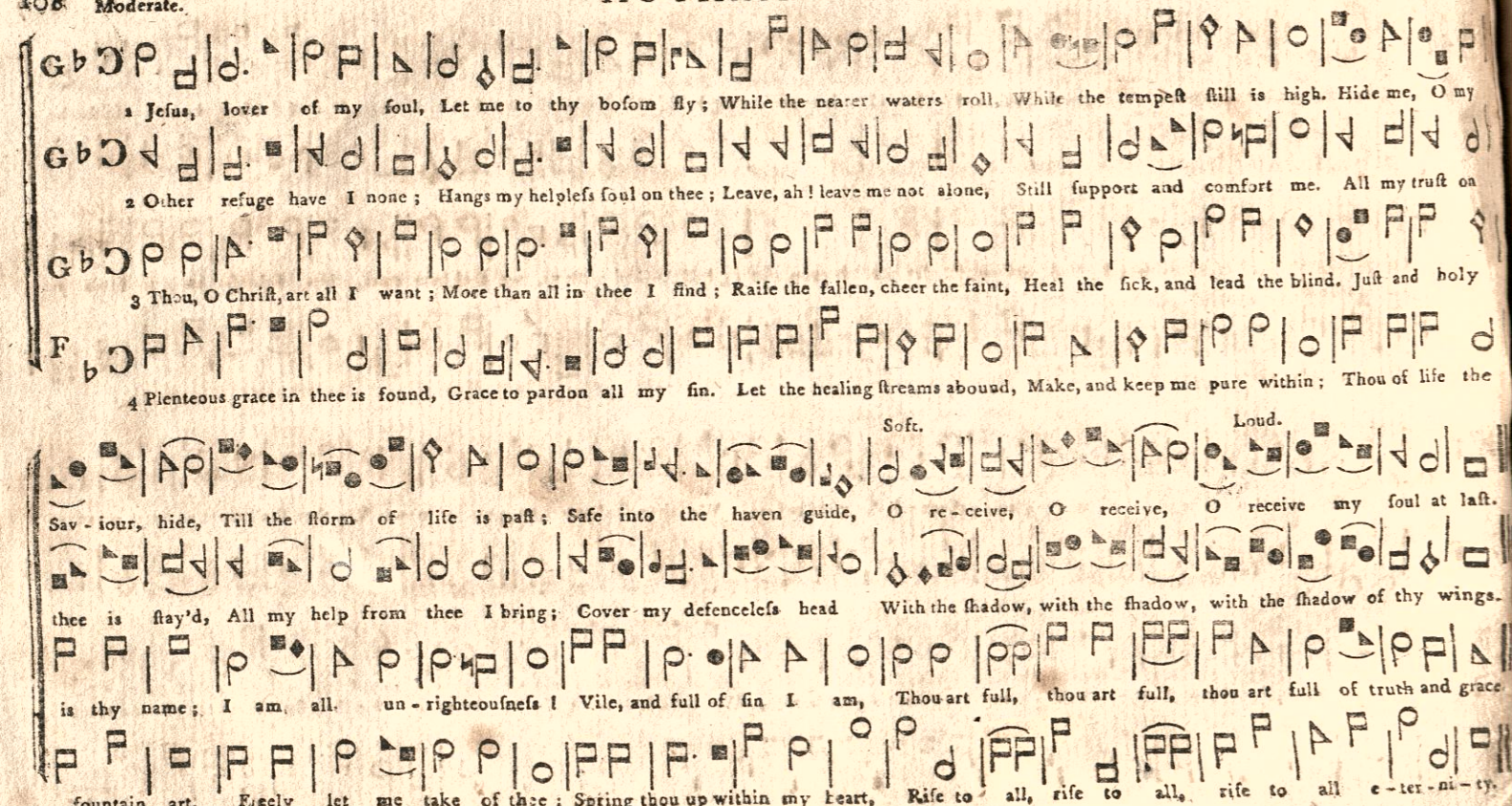
gun. Our hearts have burn'd while Jeſus ſpake, And glow'd with ſacred fire; He ſtopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bleſt, And fill'd th' enlarg'd de

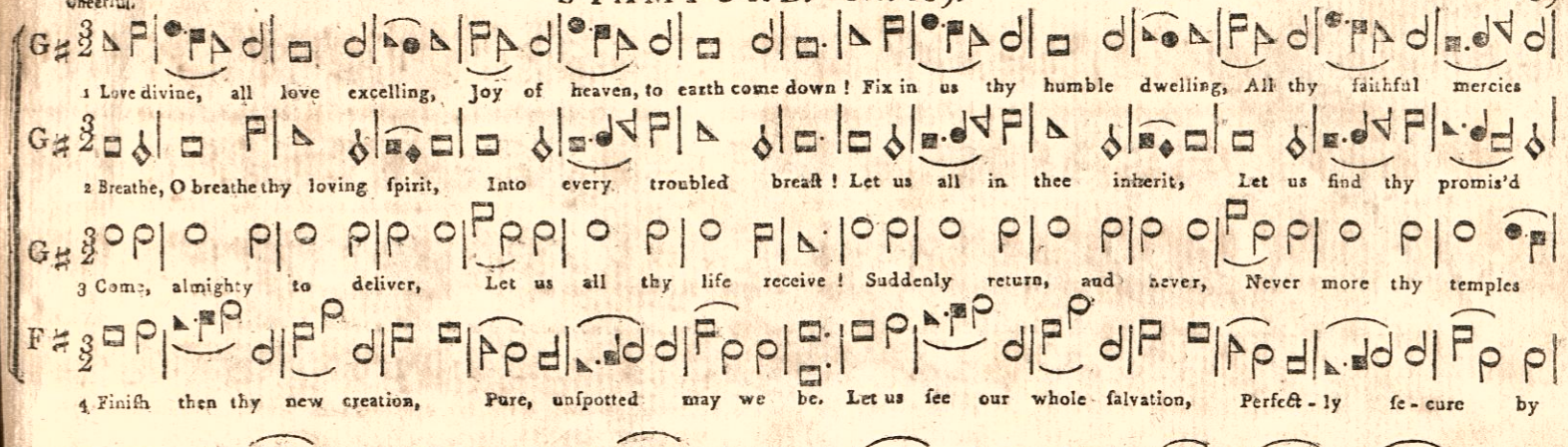
drain. A rill, a ſtream, a torrent flows! But pour a mighty flood. Oh! ſweep the nations, ſhake the earth; Till all proclaim The G

own, May we,—we little band of love, Be ſinners ſav'd by grace, From glory into glory chang'd, Behold Thee face to

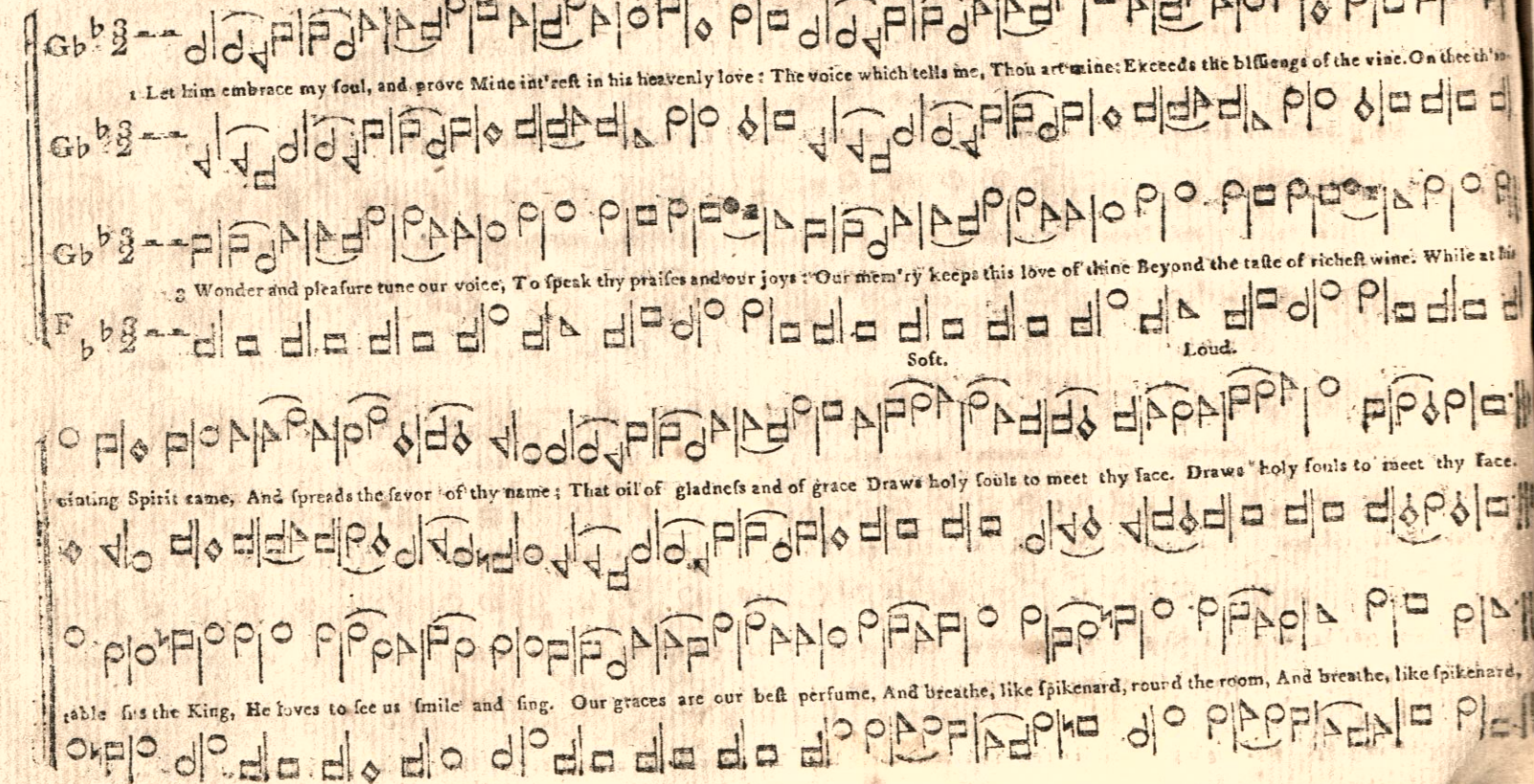

"A Saviour!" let creation sing! "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring! He's God with us, we feel him ours, His fulness in our souls he
"A Saviour!" let creation sing! "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring! He's God with us, we feel him ours, His fulness in our souls he
pours, 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er. We're joining them who're gone before, We then shall meet to part no more, We then shall meet to part no more.
pours, 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er. We're joining them who're gone before, We then shall meet to part no more, We then shall meet to part no more.

HOTHAM. No. 108.

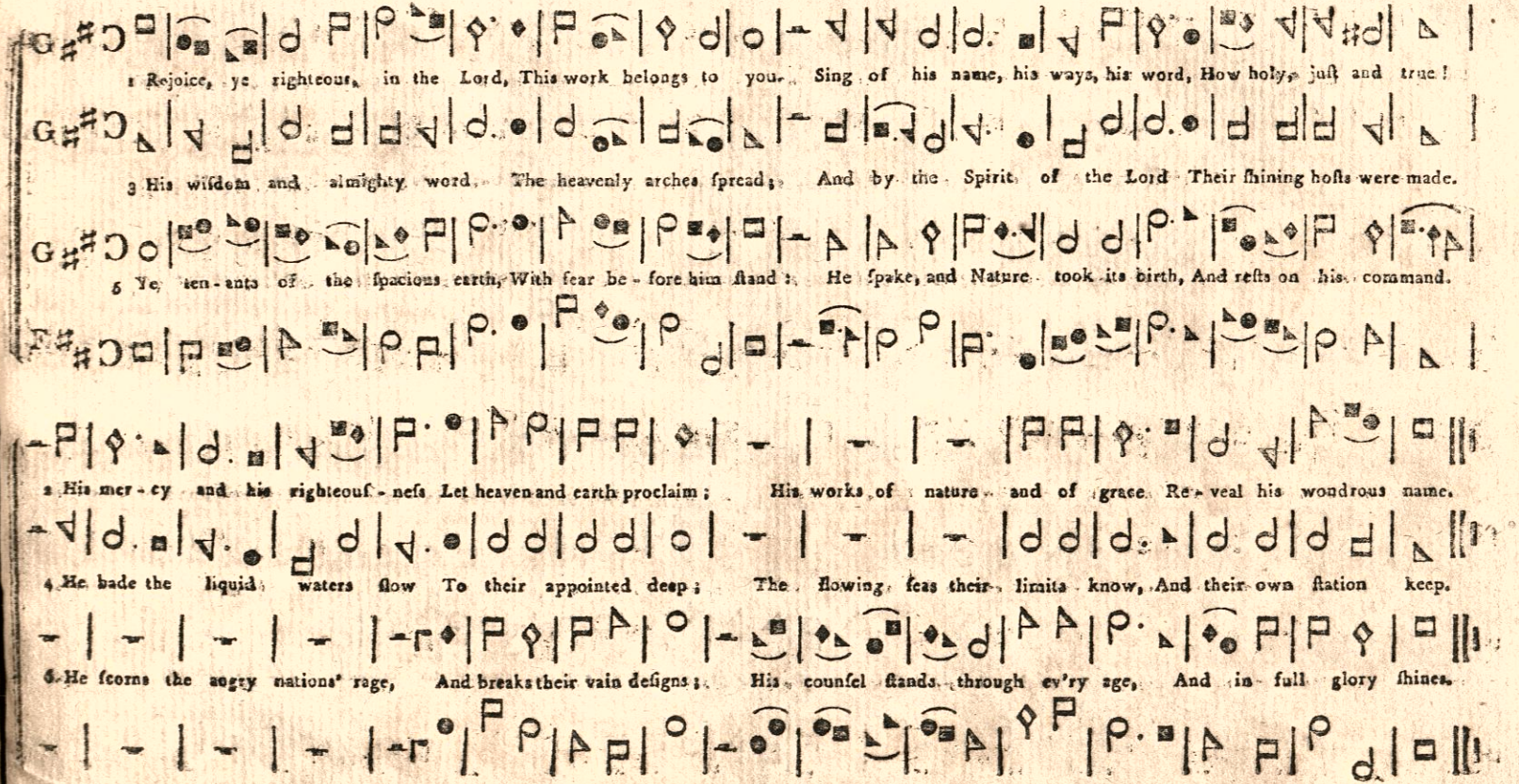

1 Jeſus, lover of my ſoul, Let me to thy boſom fly; While the nearer waters roll, While the tempeſt ſtill is high. Hide me, O my
2 Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still ſupport and comfort me. All my truſt on
3 Thou, O Chriſt, art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raiſe the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the ſick, and lead the blind. Juſt and holy
4 Plenteous grace in thee is found, Grace to pardon all my ſin. Let the healing ſtreams abound, Make, and keep me pure within; Thou of life the
Soft.
Loud.
Sav - iour, hide, Till the ſtorm of life is paſt; Safe into the haven guide, O re - ceive, O receive, O receive my ſoul at laſt.
thee is ſtay'd, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceleſs head With the ſhadow, with the ſhadow, with the ſhadow of thy wings.
is thy name; I am all un - righteouſneſs! Vile, and full of ſin I am, Thou art full, thou art full, thou art full of truth and grace
fountain art, Freely let me take of thee; Spring thou up within my heart, Riſe to all, riſe to all, riſe to all e - ter - ni - ty.


1 Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies
2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit, Into every troubled breast! Let us all in thee inherit, Let us find thy promis'd
3 Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all thy life receive! Suddenly return, and never, Never more thy temples
4 Finish then thy new creation, Pure, unspotted may we be. Let us see our whole salvation, Perfect-ly se-cure by
crown; Jesus! thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart!
rest. Take away the love of sinning, Alpha and O-me-ga be, End of faith as its beginning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
leave! Thee we would be always blessing, Serve thee as thine hosts above; Pray, and praise thee without ceasing; Glory in thy precious love.
thee! Chang'd from glory into glory, Till in heaven we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Moderate.

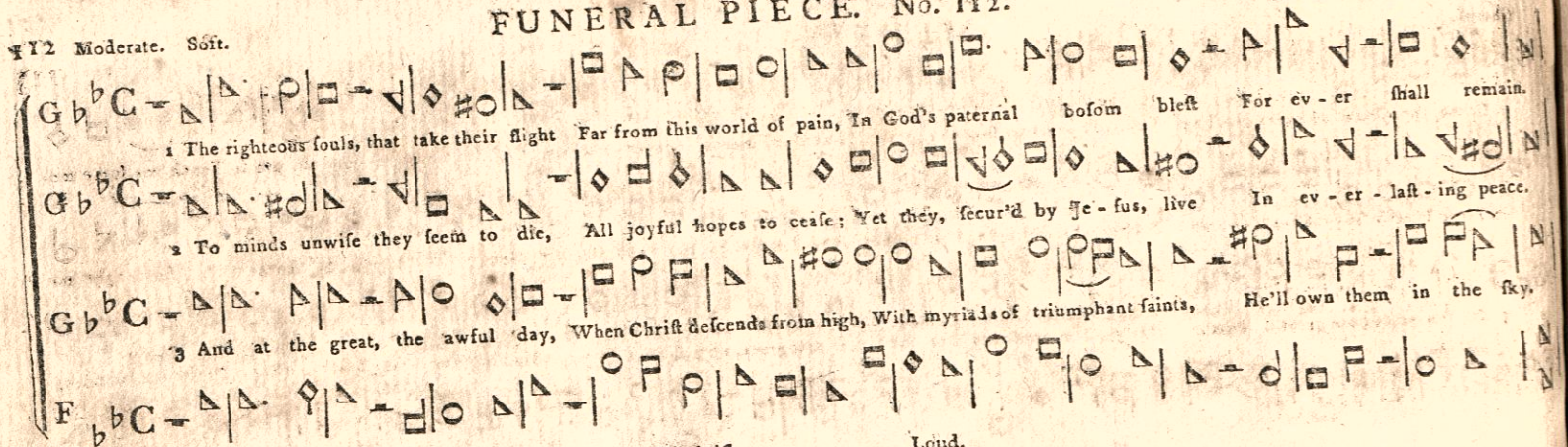

1 Let him embrace my ſoul, and prove Mine int'reſt in his heavenly love: The voice which tells me, Thou art mine: Exceeds the bleſſings of the vine. On thee th'in-
2 Wonder and pleaſure tune our voice, To ſpeak thy praiſes and our joys: Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine Beyond the taſte of richeſt wine. While at his
Soft.
Loud.
cinating Spirit came, And ſpreads the ſavor of thy name; That oil of gladneſs and of grace Draws holy ſouls to meet thy face. Draws holy ſouls to meet thy face.
table ſits the King, He loves to ſee us ſmile and ſing. Our graces are our beſt perfume, And breathe, like ſpikenard, round the room, And breathe, like ſpikenard,

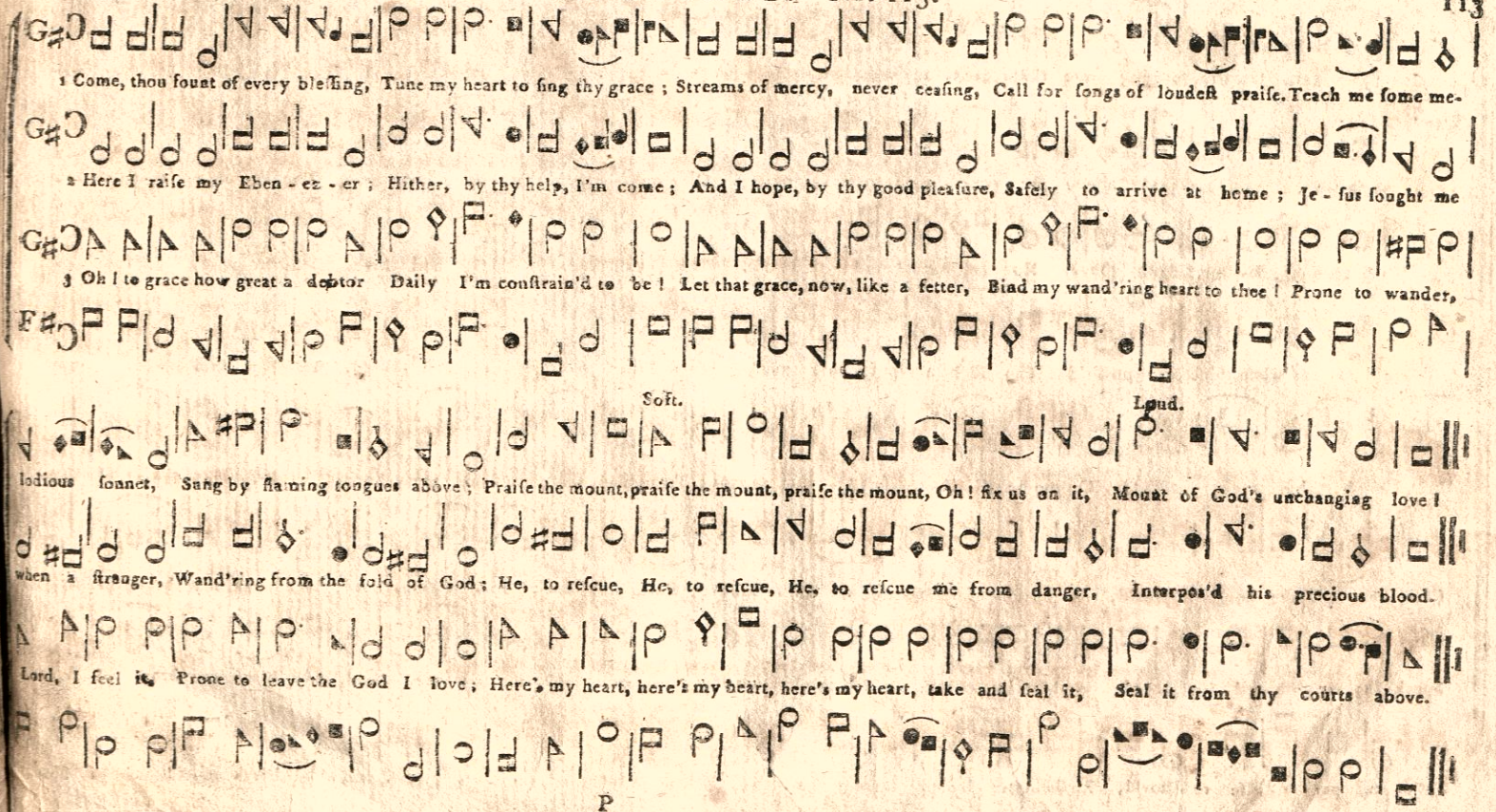
Cheerful.


1 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord, This work belongs to you. Sing of his name, his ways, his word, How holy, just and true!
3 His wisdom and almighty word The heavenly arches spread; And by the Spirit of the Lord Their shining hosts were made.
5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth, With fear before him stand: He spake, and Nature took its birth, And rests on his command.
2 His mercy and his righteousness Let heaven and earth proclaim; His works of nature and of grace Reveal his wondrous name.
4 He bade the liquid waters flow To their appointed deep; The flowing seas their limits know, And their own station keep.
6 He scorns the angry nations' rage, And breaks their vain designs; His counsel stands through ev'ry age, And in full glory shines.

FUNERAL PIECE. No. 112.

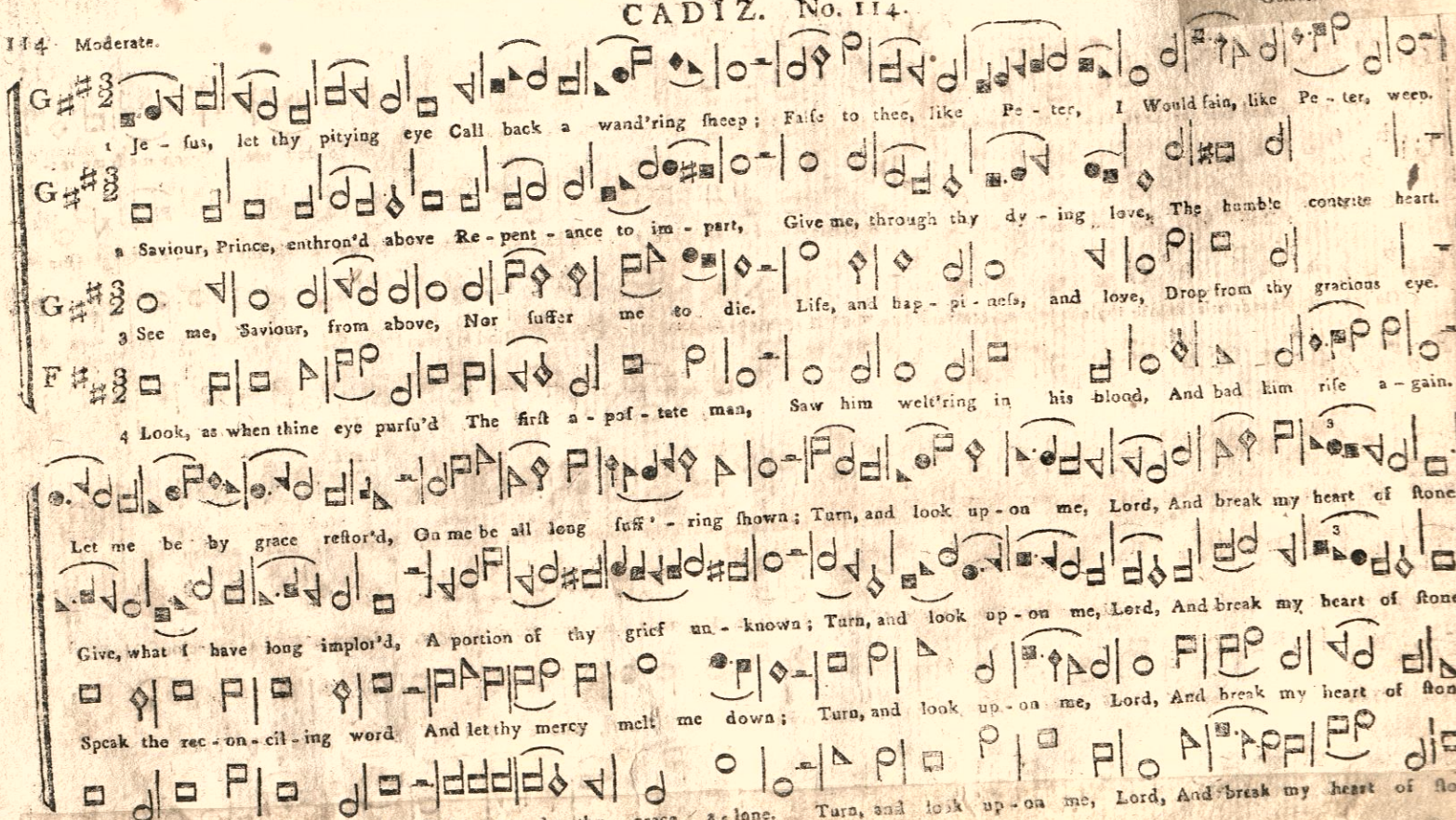
112 Moderate. Soft. Loud. Soft.


1 The righteous souls, that take their flight Far from this world of pain, In God's paternal bosom bleſt For ev - er ſhall remain.
2 To minds unwiſe they ſeem to die, All joyful hopes to ceaſe; Yet they, ſecur'd by Je - ſus, live In ev - er - laſt - ing peace.
3 And at the great, the awful day, When Chriſt deſcends from high, With myriads of triumphant ſaints, He'll own them in the ſky.
Diminiſh. Loud.
Moderate. Loud.
4 Then He, their Judge, their mighty Lord, Diſplays redeeming grace, And calls them ev - er to behold The brightneſs of his face.
4 Then He, their Judge, their mighty Lord, Diſplays redeeming grace, And calls them ev - er to behold The brightneſs of his face.

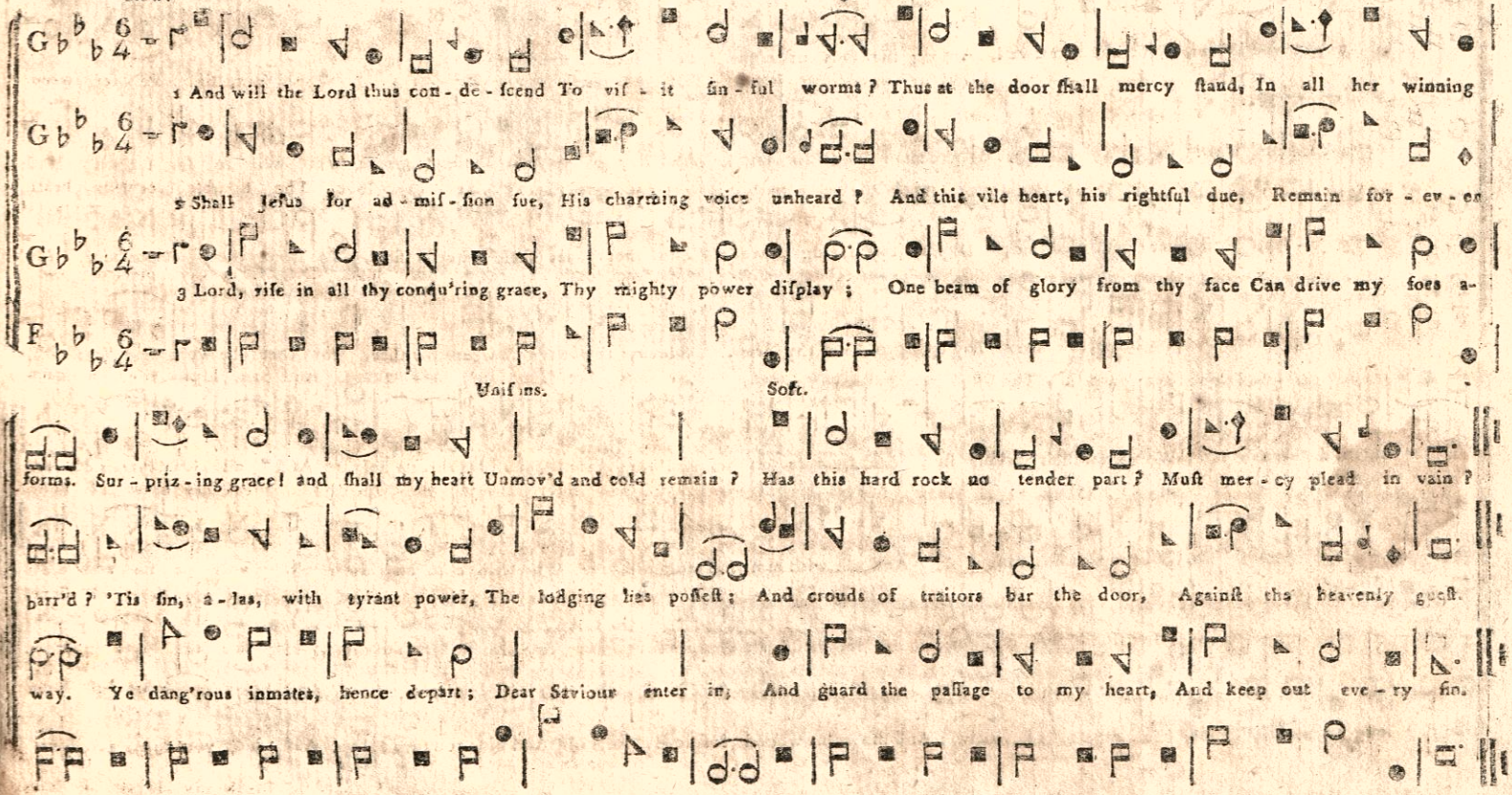

1 Come, thou fount of every bleſſing, Tune my heart to ſing thy grace ; Streams of mercy, never ceaſing, Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe. Teach me ſome me-
2 Here I raiſe my Eben - ez - er ; Hither, by thy help, I'm come ; And I hope, by thy good pleaſure, Safely to arrive at home ; Je - ſus ſought me
3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be ! Let that grace, now, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee ! Prone to wander,
Soft.
Loud.
lodious ſonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above ; Praiſe the mount, praiſe the mount, praiſe the mount, Oh ! fix us on it, Mount of God's unchanging love !
when a ſtranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God ; He, to reſcue, He, to reſcue, He, to reſcue me from danger, Interpos'd his precious blood.
Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love ; Here's my heart, here's my heart, here's my heart, take and ſeal it, Seal it from thy courts above.

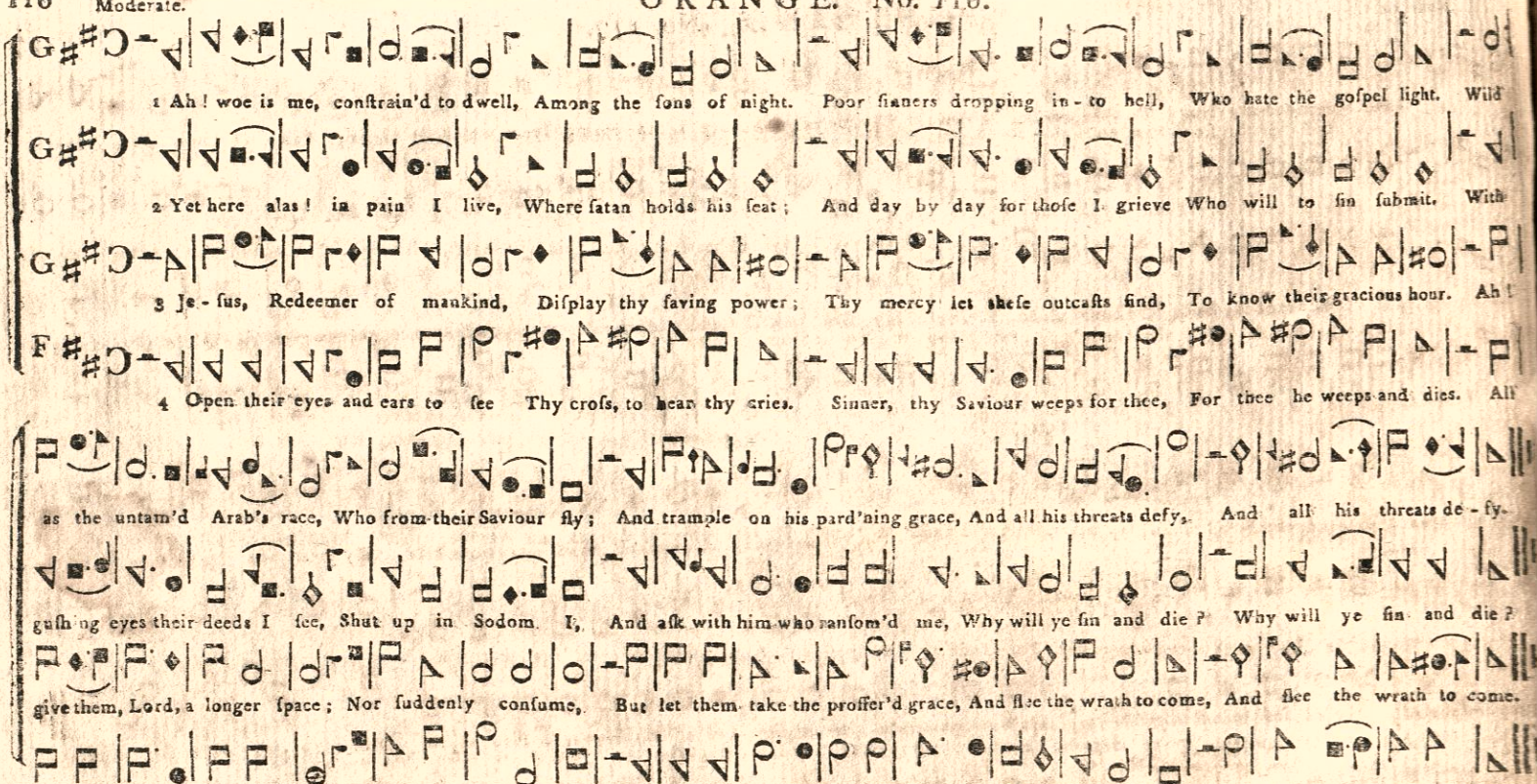
CADIZ. No. 114.

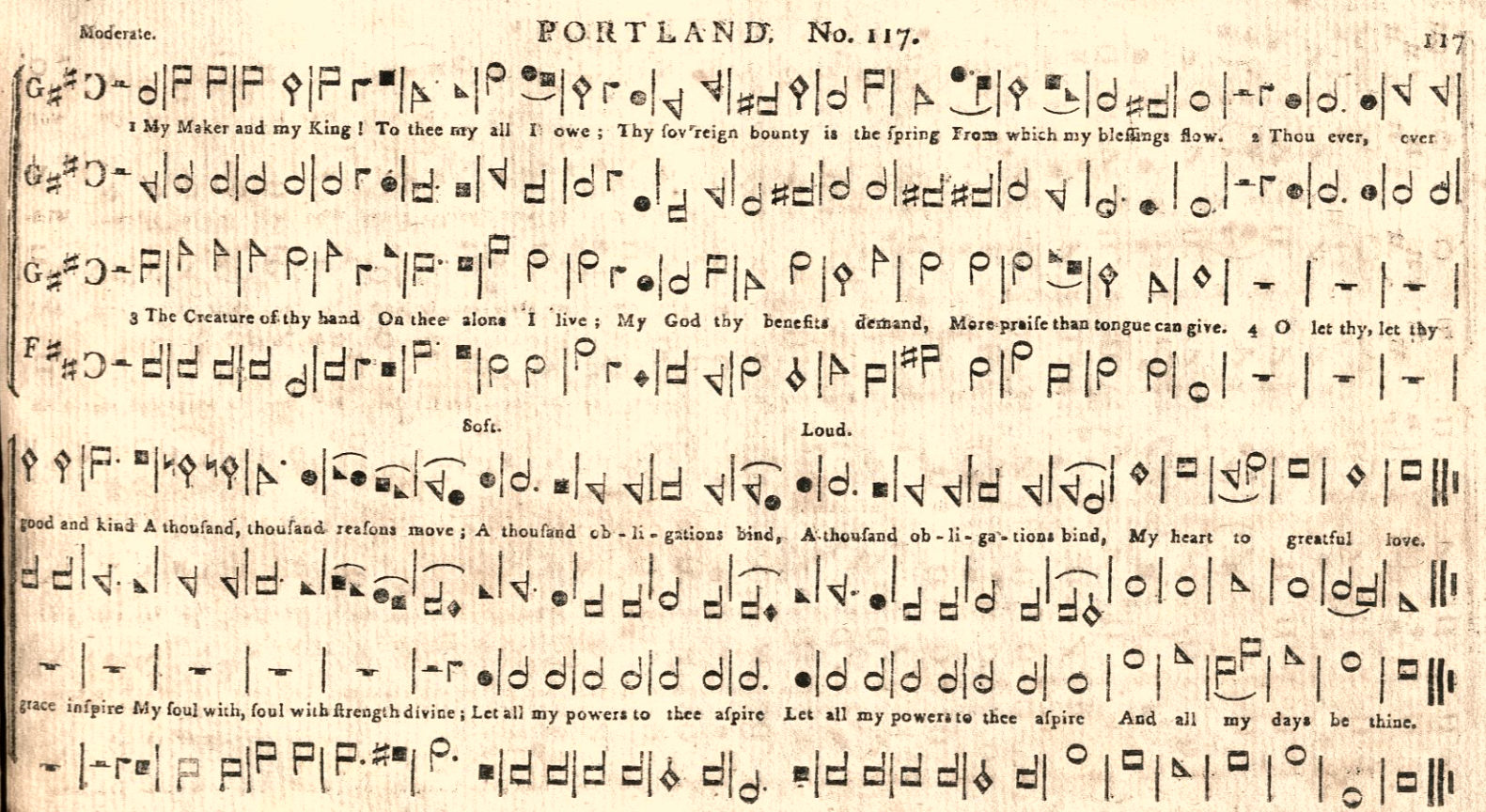
114 Moderate.


1 Je - sus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain, like Pe - ter, weep.
2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above Re - pent - ance to im - part, Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The humble contrite heart.
3 See me, Saviour, from above, Nor suffer me to die. Life, and hap - pi - ness, and love, Drop from thy gracious eye.
4 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd The first a - pos - tate man, Saw him welt'ring in his blood, And bad him rise a - gain.
Let me be by grace restor'd, On me be all long suff' - ring shown; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Give, what I have long implor'd, A portion of thy grief un - known; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Speak the rec - on - cil - ing word And let thy mercy melt me down; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Speak my par - a - dise re - stor'd, Redeem me by thy grace a - lone. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

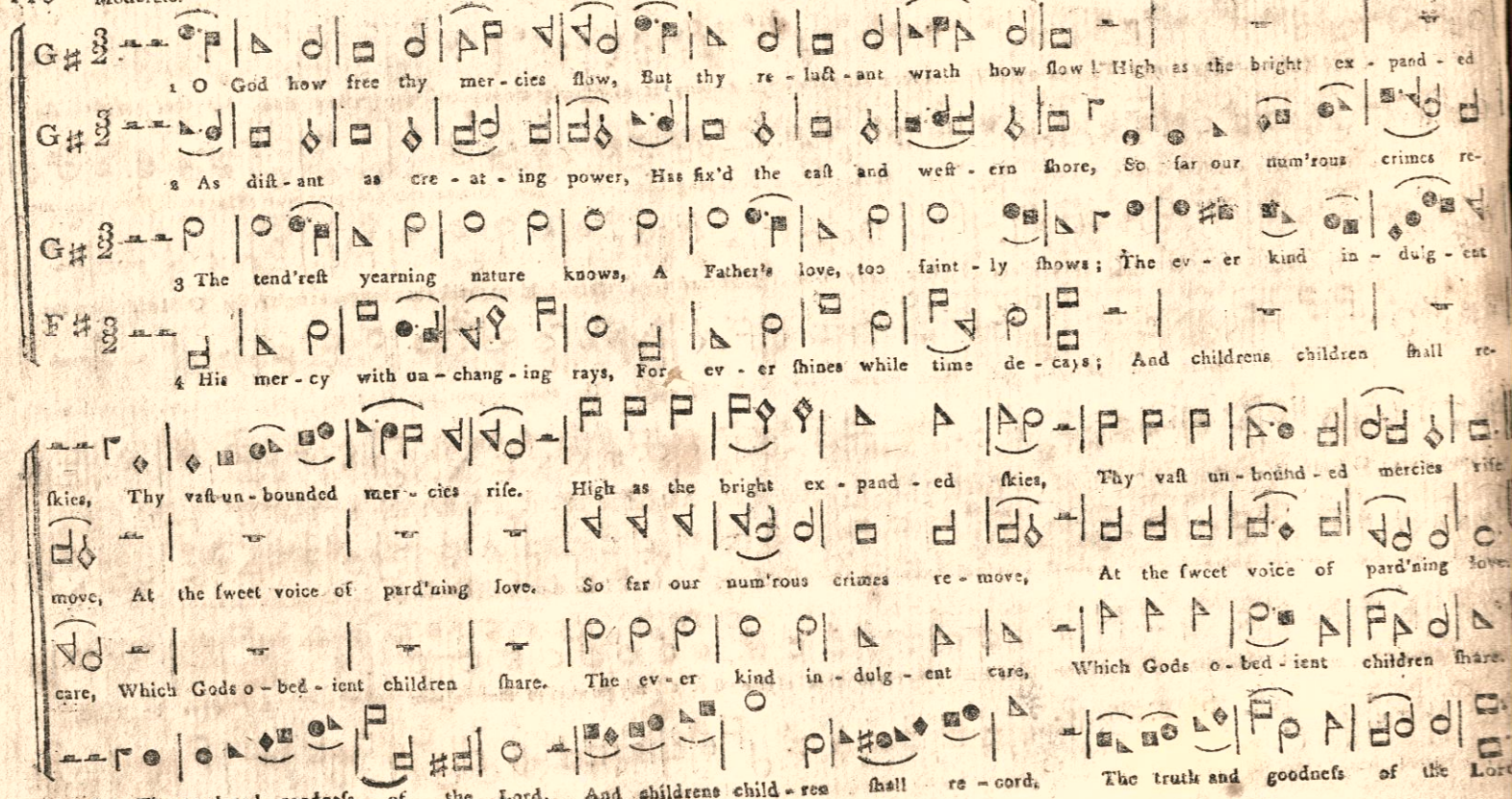
Slow. Soft. Loud.


1 And will the Lord thus con - de - fcend To vif - it fin - ful worms? Thus at the door fhall mercy ſtand, In all her winning
2 Shall Jeſus for ad - miſ - ſion ſue, His charming voice unheard? And this vile heart, his rightful due, Remain for - ev - er
3 Lord, riſe in all thy conqu'ring grace, Thy mighty power diſplay; One beam of glory from thy face Can drive my foes a-
Uniſons. Soft.
forms. Sur - priz - ing grace! and ſhall my heart Unmov'd and cold remain? Has this hard rock no tender part? Muſt mer - cy plead in vain?
barr'd? 'Tis ſin, a - las, with tyrant power, The lodging has poſſeſt; And crouds of traitors bar the door, Againſt the heavenly gueſt.
way. Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart; Dear Saviour enter in; And guard the paſſage to my heart, And keep out eve - ry ſin.


1 Ah! woe is me, conſtrain'd to dwell, Among the ſons of night. Poor ſinners dropping in-to hell, Who hate the goſpel light. Wild
2 Yet here alas! in pain I live, Where ſatan holds his ſeat; And day by day for thoſe I grieve Who will to ſin ſubmit. With
3 Je-ſus, Redeemer of mankind, Diſplay thy ſaving power; Thy mercy let theſe outcaſts find, To know their gracious hour. Ah!
4 Open their eyes and ears to ſee Thy croſs, to hear thy cries. Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee, For thee he weeps and dies. All
as the untam'd Arab's race, Who from their Saviour fly; And trample on his pard'ning grace, And all his threats defy. And all his threats de-fy.
guſhing eyes their deeds I ſee, Shut up in Sodom I; And aſk with him who ranſom'd me, Why will ye ſin and die? Why will ye ſin and die?
give them, Lord, a longer ſpace; Nor ſuddenly conſume, But let them take the proffer'd grace, And flee the wrath to come, And flee the wrath to come.
the day long he meekly ſtands, His rebels to receive; And ſhows his wounds, & ſpreads his hands, And bids you turn & live, And bids you turn and live.

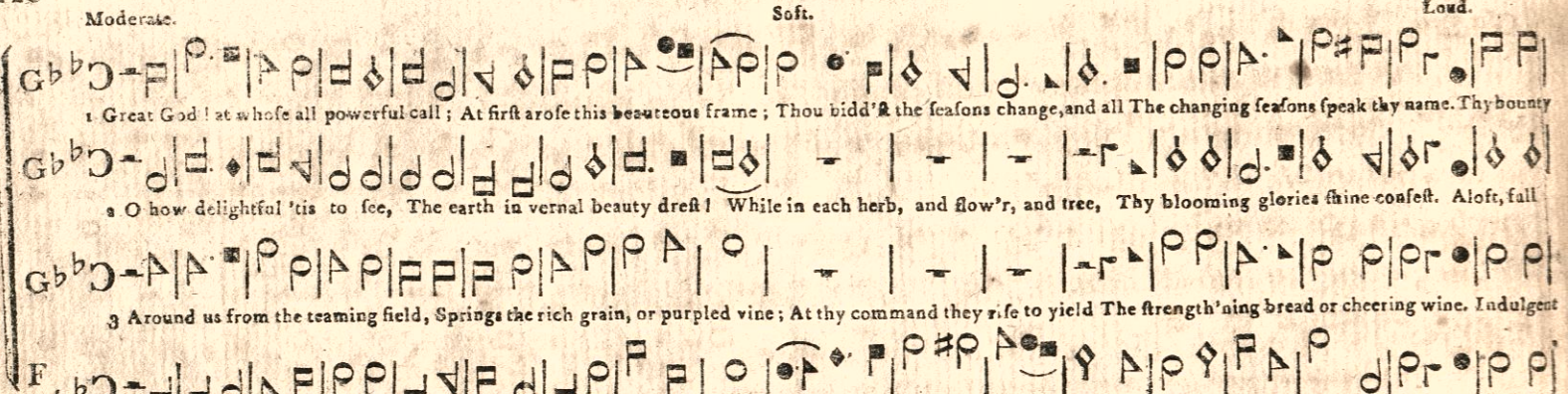

1 My Maker and my King! To thee my all I owe; Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring From which my blessings flow. 2 Thou ever, ever
3 The Creature of thy hand On thee alone I live; My God thy benefits demand, More praise than tongue can give. 4 O let thy, let thy
Soft.
Loud.
good and kind A thousand, thousand reasons move; A thousand ob-li-gations bind, A thousand ob-li-ga-tions bind, My heart to greatful love.
grace inspire My soul with, soul with strength divine; Let all my powers to thee aspire Let all my powers to thee aspire And all my days be thine.

Moderate.

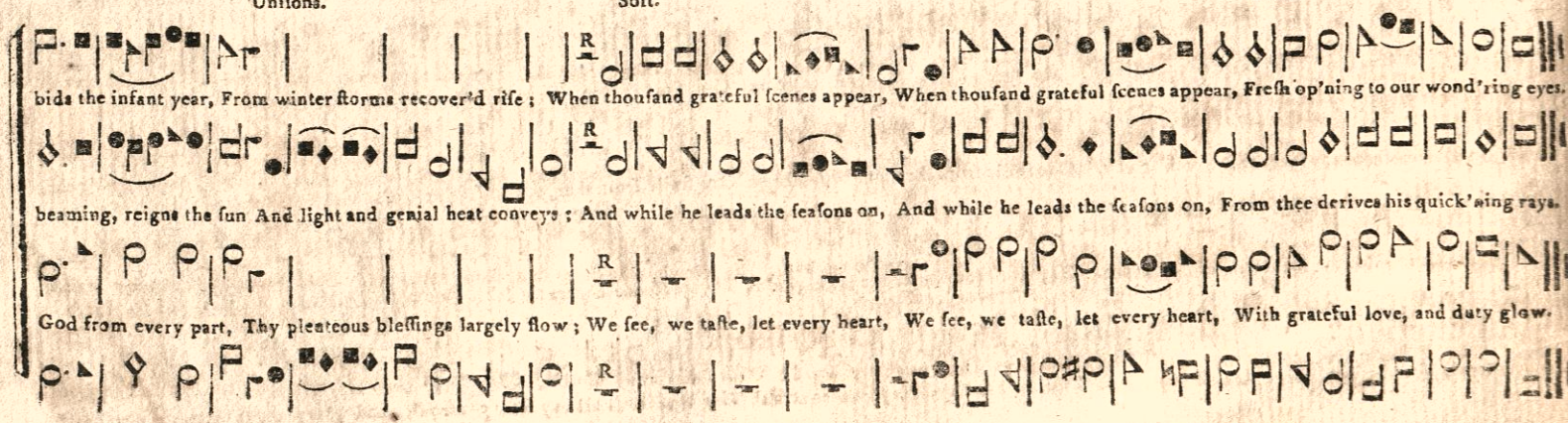

1 O God how free thy mer-cies flow, But thy re-luct-ant wrath how slow! High as the bright ex-pand-ed
2 As dist-ant as cre-at-ing power, Has fix'd the east and west-ern shore, So far our num'rous crimes re-
3 The tend'rest yearning nature knows, A Father's love, too faint-ly shows; The ev-er kind in-dulg-ent
4 His mer-cy with un-chang-ing rays, For ev-er shines while time de-cays; And childrens children shall re-
skies, Thy vast un-bounded mer-cies rise. High as the bright ex-pand-ed skies, Thy vast un-bound-ed mercies rise
move, At the sweet voice of pard'ning love. So far our num'rous crimes re-move, At the sweet voice of pard'ning love.
care, Which Gods o-bed-ient children share. The ev-er kind in-dulg-ent care, Which Gods o-bed-ient children share.
cord, The truth and goodness of the Lord. And childrens child-ren shall re-cord, The truth and goodness of the Lord.

1 My God, my hope, if thou art mine; Why should my soul with sor-row pine, Why should my soul with sorrow pine. On thee alone I
2 Tho' every comfort should depart, And life forsake this drooping heart, And life forsake this drooping heart; One smile from thee, one
3 My God, my life, if thou appear, Not death itself can make me fear, Not death itself can make me fear; Thy presence cheers the
4 Not all its horrors can affright, If thou appear my God my light, If thou appear my God my light; Thy love shall all my
cast my care, O leave me not in dark despair! On thee a-lone I cast my care, On thee alone I cast my care, O leave me not in dark despair!
blissful ray, Can chace the shades of death away. One smile from thee, one blissful ray, One smile from thee, one blissful ray, Can chace the shades of death away.
sable gloom, And gilds the horrors of a tomb. Thy presence cheers the sable gloom, Thy presence cheers the sable gloom, And gilds the horrors of a tomb.
fears controul, And glory dawn around my soul. Thy love shall all my fears controul, Thy love shall all my fears controul, And glory dawn around my soul.

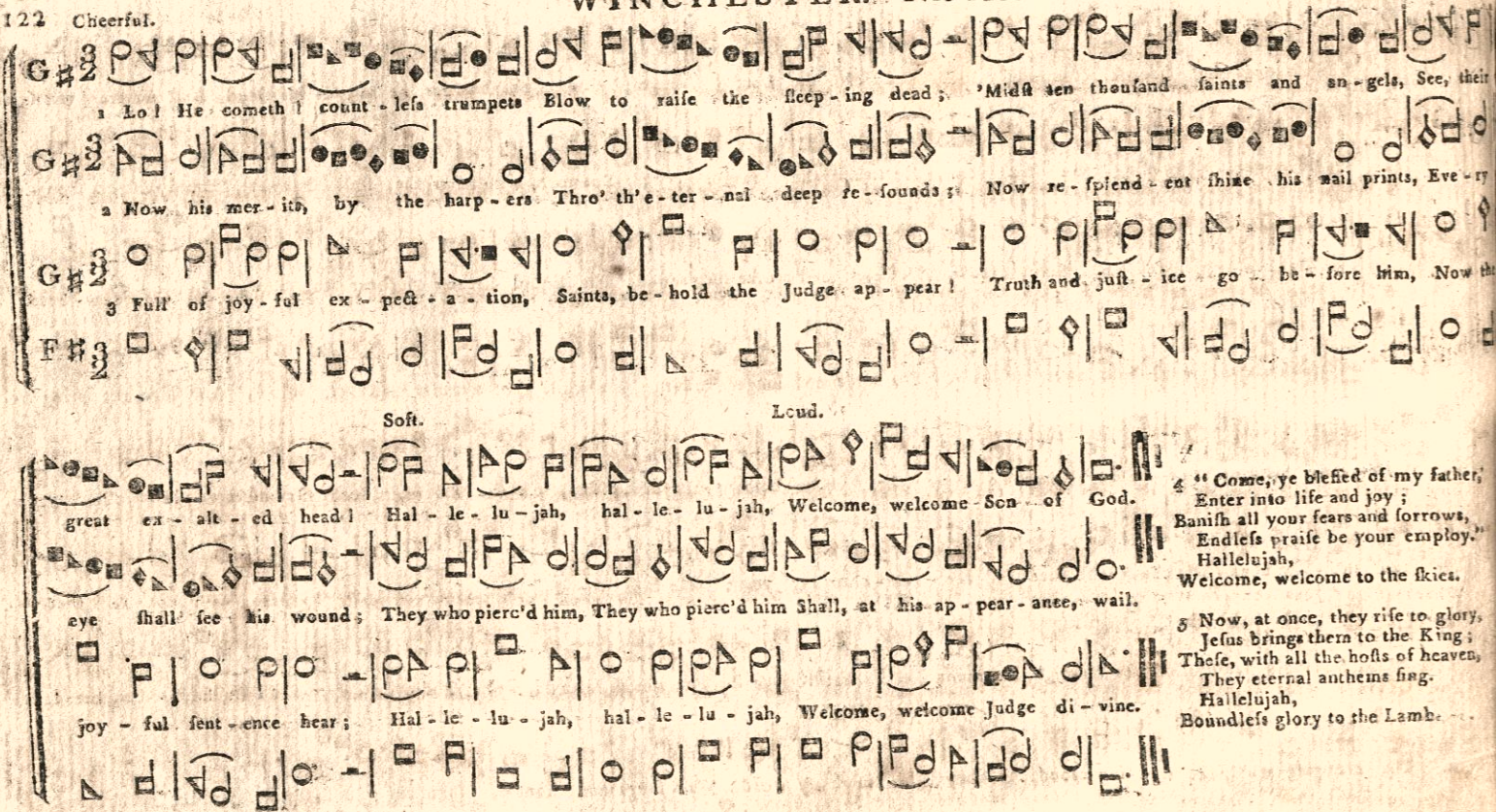
Moderate. Soft. Loud.


1 Great God! at whose all powerful call; At first arose this beauteous frame; Thou bidd'st the seasons change, and all The changing seasons speak thy name. Thy bounty
2 O how delightful 'tis to see, The earth in vernal beauty dress'd! While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree, Thy blooming glories shine confest. Aloft, full
3 Around us from the teaming field, Springs the rich grain, or purpled vine; At thy command they rise to yield The strength'ning bread or cheering wine. Indulgent

Unisons. Soft. Loud.


bids the infant year, From winter storms recover'd rise; When thousand grateful scenes appear, When thousand grateful scenes appear, Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.
beaming, reigns the sun And light and genial heat conveys; And while he leads the seasons on, And while he leads the seasons on, From thee derives his quick'ning rays.
God from every part, Thy plenteous blessings largely flow; We see, we taste, let every heart, We see, we taste, let every heart, With grateful love, and duty glow.

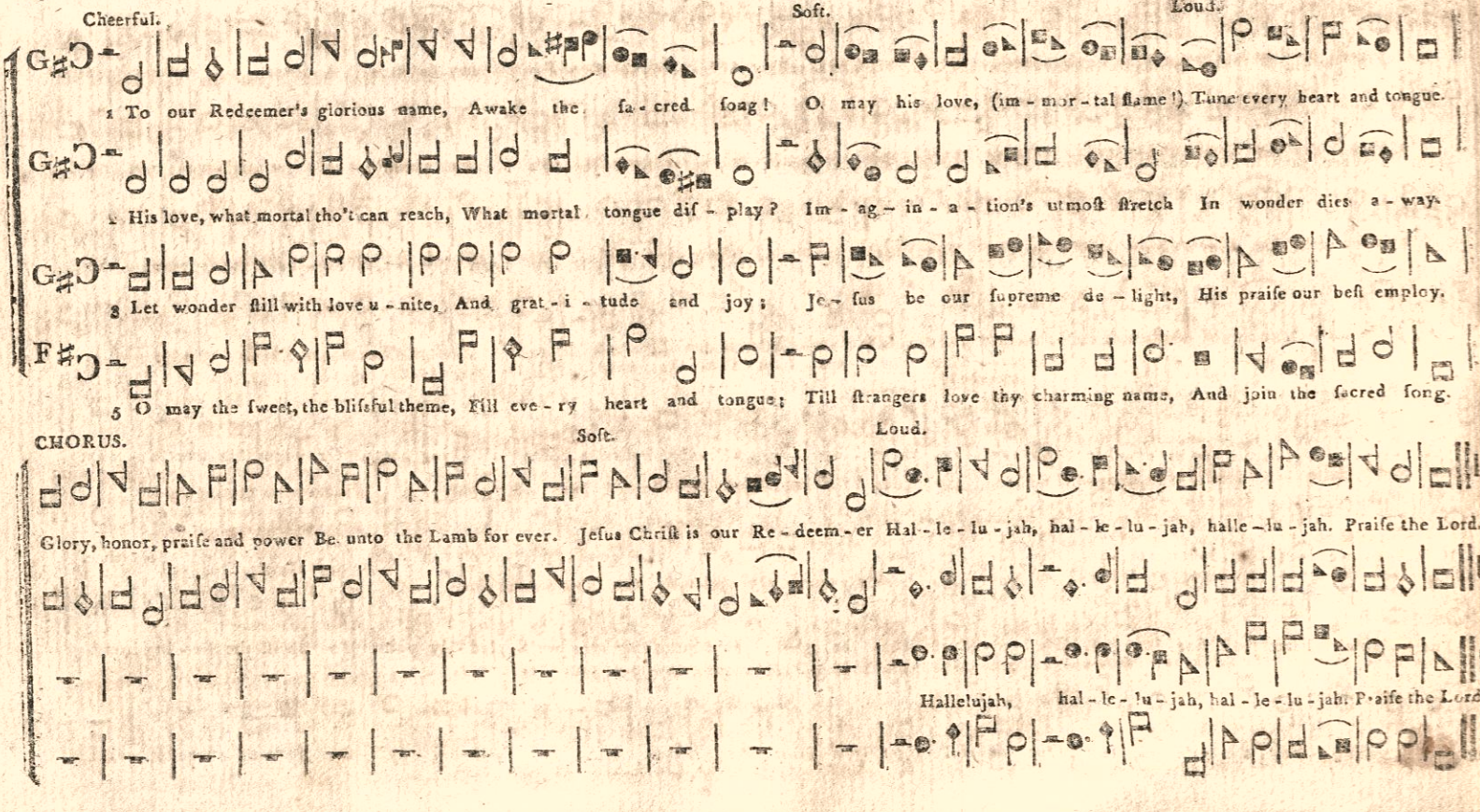
1 With ſongs and honors ſounding loud, Addreſs the Lord on high; Over the heavens he ſpreads his cloud, And waters veil the
3 He gives the grazing ox his meat, He hears the ravens cry; But man, who taſtes the fin-eſt wheat, Should raiſe his hon-ors
5 His hoa-ry froſt, his fleecy ſnow, Deſcend, and clothe the ground; The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow, In i-cy fet-ters
7 He ſends his word, and melts the ſnow, The fields no longer mourn; He calls the warmer gales to blow, And bids the ſpring re-
ſky. He ſends his ſnow'rs of bleſſing down To cheer the plains below; He makes the graſs the mountains crown, And corn in vallies grow.
high. His ſtea-dy coun-ſels change the face Of the de-clin-ing year; He bids the ſun cut ſhort his race, And wintry days ap-pear.
bound. When, from his dreadful ſtores on high, He pours the ratt'ling hail; The wretch, who dares this God de-fy, Shall find his courage fail.
turn. The changing wind, the fly-ing cloud, O-bey his migh-ty word; With ſongs and honors, ſounding loud, Praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

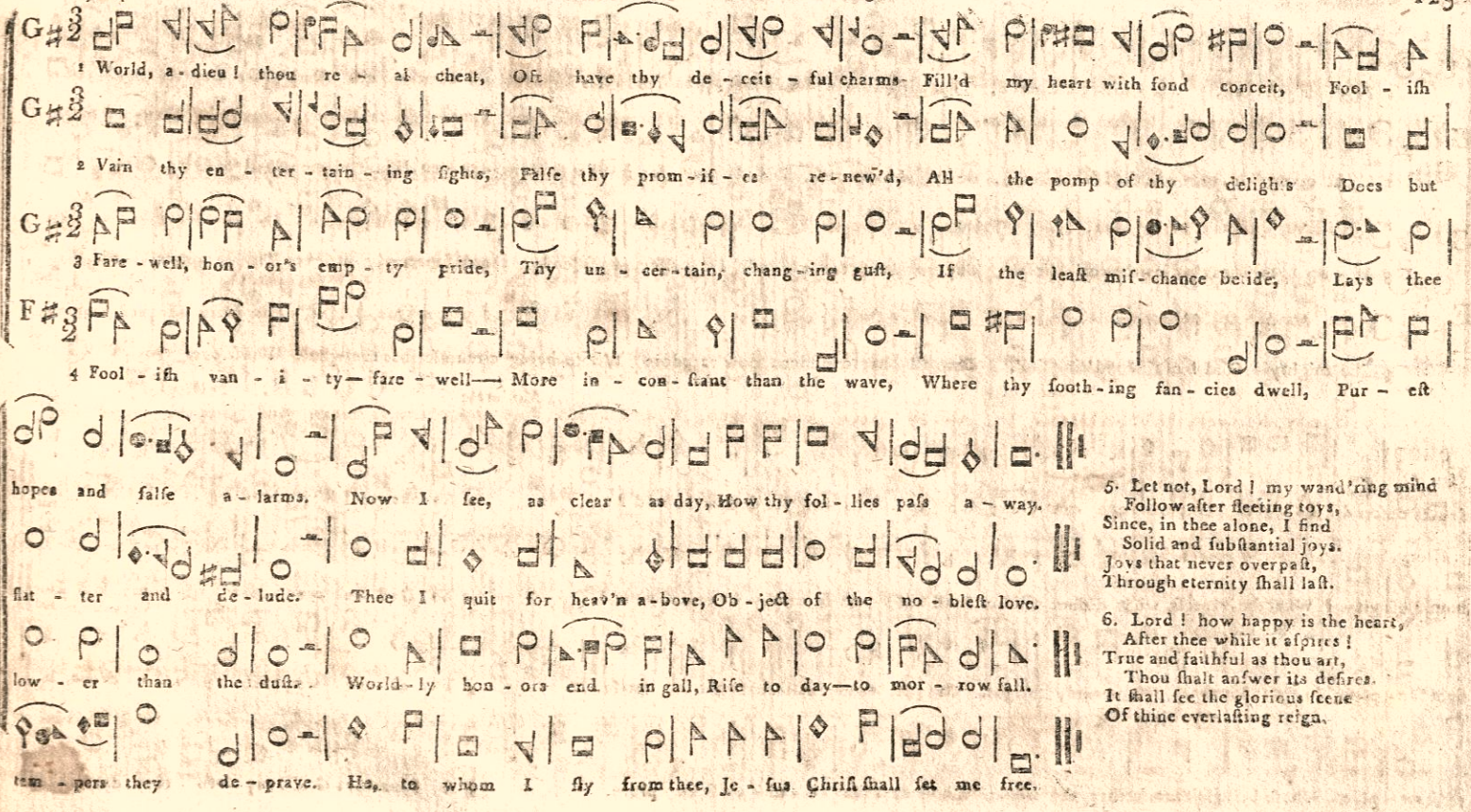

1 Lo! He cometh! count - leſs trumpets Blow to raiſe the ſleep - ing dead; 'Midſt ten thouſand ſaints and an - gels, See, their
2 Now his mer - its, by the harp - ers Thro' th'e - ter - nal deep re - ſounds; Now re - ſplend - ent ſhine his nail prints, Eve - ry
3 Full of joy - ful ex - pect - a - tion, Saints, be - hold the Judge ap - pear! Truth and juſt - ice go be - fore him, Now th
Soft.
Loud.
great ex - alt - ed head! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Welcome, welcome Son of God.
eye ſhall ſee his wound; They who pierc'd him, They who pierc'd him Shall, at his ap - pear - ance, wail.
joy - ful ſent - ence hear; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Welcome, welcome Judge di - vine.

4 "Come, ye bleſſed of my father,
Enter into life and joy;
Baniſh all your fears and ſorrows,
Endleſs praiſe be your employ."
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome to the ſkies.

5 Now, at once, they riſe to glory,
Jeſus brings them to the King;
Theſe, with all the hoſts of heaven,
They eternal anthems ſing.
Hallelujah,
Boundleſs glory to the Lamb.

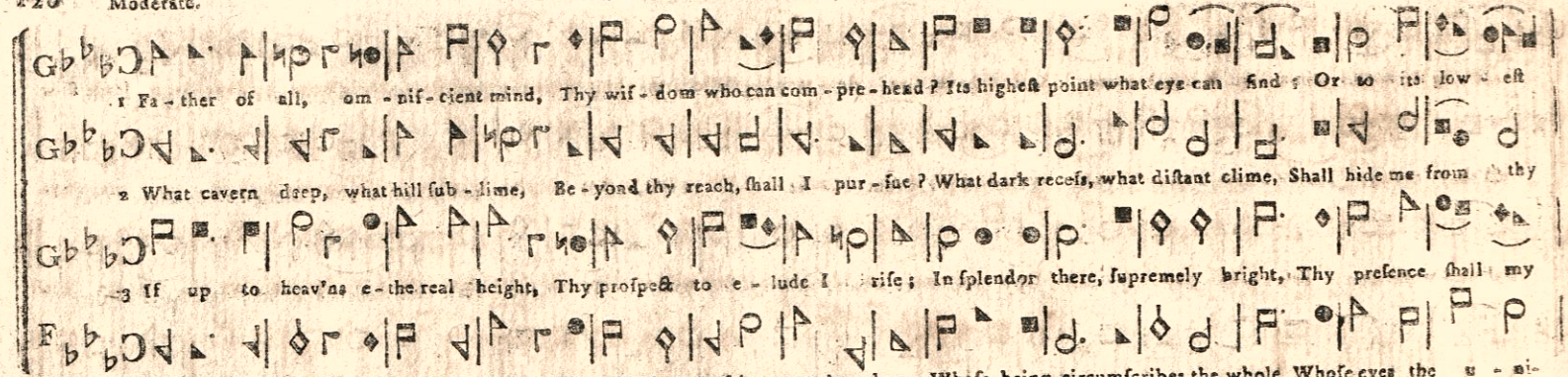
1 Bright source of ev - er - last - ing love! To thee our souls we raise; And to thy sovereign boun - ty rear A mon - u - ment of praise.
3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approach'd The borders of des - pair; Thy grace thro' Je - su's blood proclaim'd A free sal - va - tion near.
5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain, Our cheerful feet re - pair, And, with the gift thy hand bestows, Re - lieve the mourners there.
Thy mer - cy gilds the paths of life With ev - ry cheer - ing ray; Kindly restrains the ris - ing tear, Or wipes that tear a - way.
What shall we ren - der, bounteous Lord, For all the grace we see! Alas! the good - ness worms can yield Ex - tend - eth not to thee.
The widow's heart shall sing for joy, The or - phan shall be glad; And hung'ring souls we'll glad - ly point To Christ the liv - ing bread.
7 Thus passing thro' the vale of tears, Our use - ful light shall shine; And others learn to glo - ri - fy Our Father's name di - vine.


Cheerful.
Soft.
Loud.
1 To our Redeemer's glorious name, Awake the fa - cred ſong! O may his love, (im - mor - tal flame!) Tune every heart and tongue.
2 His love, what mortal tho't can reach, What mortal tongue diſ - play? Im - ag - in - a - tion's utmoſt ſtretch In wonder dies a - way.
3 Let wonder ſtill with love u - nite, And grat - i - tude and joy; Je - ſus be our ſupreme de - light, His praiſe our beſt employ.
5 O may the ſweet, the bliſsful theme, Fill eve - ry heart and tongue; Till ſtrangers love thy charming name, And join the ſacred ſong.
CHORUS.
Soft.
Loud.
Glory, honor, praiſe and power Be unto the Lamb for ever. Jeſus Chriſt is our Re - deem - er Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah. Praiſe the Lord.
Hallelujah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah. Praiſe the Lord.

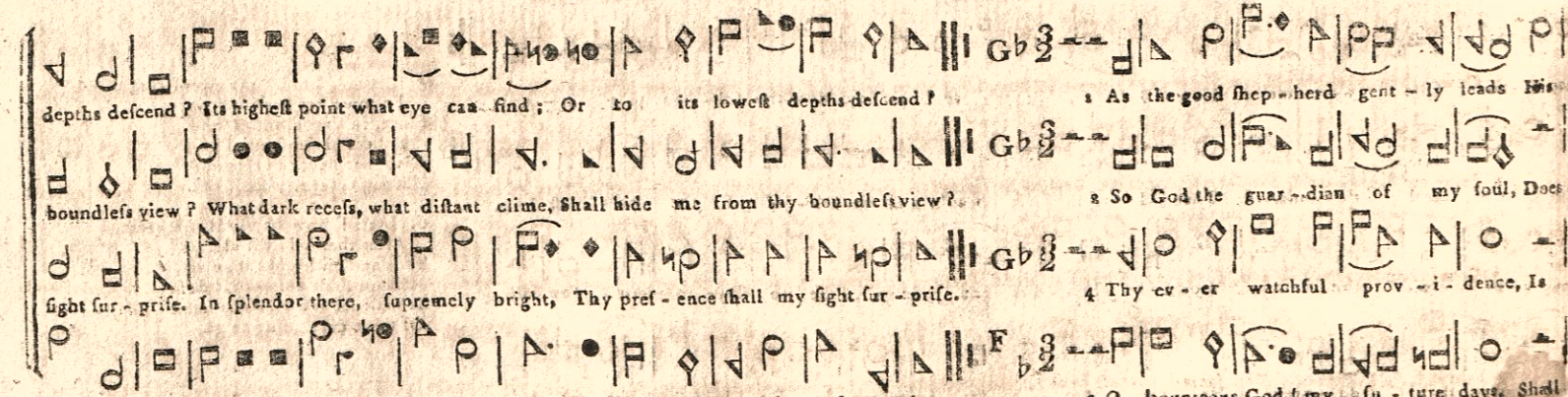

1 World, a-dieu! thou re-al cheat, Oft have thy de-ceit-ful charms Fill'd my heart with fond conceit, Fool-ish
2 Vain thy en-ter-tain-ing sights, False thy prom-if-es re-new'd, All the pomp of thy delights Does but
3 Fare-well, hon-or's emp-ty pride, Thy un-cer-tain, chang-ing gust, If the least mif-chance be-tide, Lays thee
4 Fool-ish van-i-ty—fare-well—More in-con-stant than the wave, Where thy sooth-ing fan-cies dwell, Pur-est
hopes and falfe a-larms. Now I fee, as clear as day, How thy fol-lies pafs a-way.
flat-ter and de-lude. Thee I quit for heav'n a-bove, Ob-ject of the no-bleft love.
low-er than the duft. World-ly hon-ors end in gall, Rife to day—to mor-row fall.
tem-pers they de-prave. He, to whom I fly from thee, Je-fus Chrift fhall fet me free.

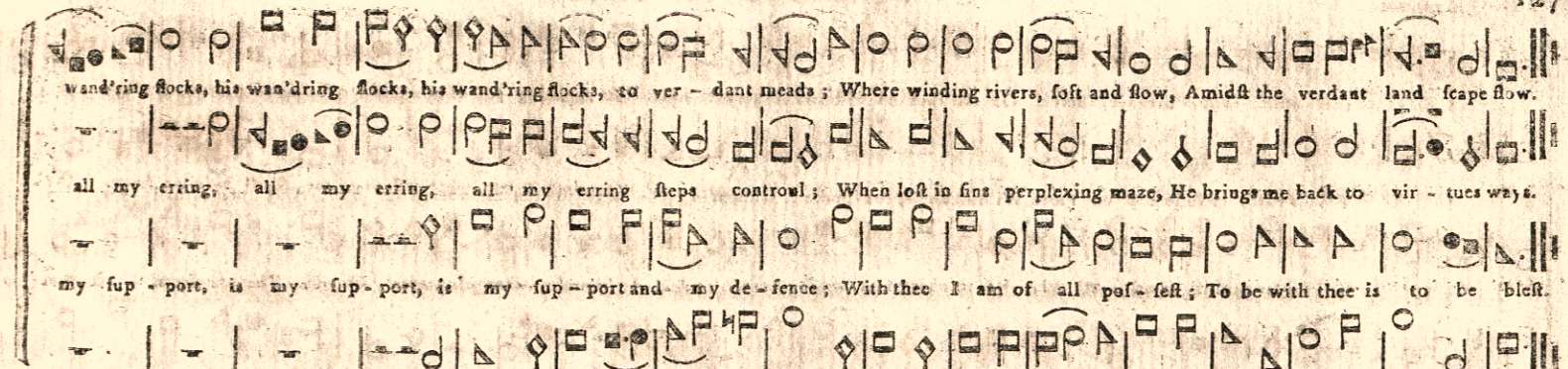
5. Let not, Lord! my wand'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since, in thee alone, I find
Solid and fubftantial joys.
Joys that never overpaft,
Through eternity fhall laft.

6. Lord! how happy is the heart,
After thee while it afpires!
True and faithful as thou art,
Thou fhalt anfwer its defires.
It fhall fee the glorious fcene
Of thine everlafting reign.


1 Fa - ther of all, om - nif - cient mind, Thy wif - dom who can com - pre - hend? Its higheſt point what eye can find; Or to its low - eſt
2 What cavern deep, what hill ſub - lime, Be - yond thy reach, ſhall I pur - ſue? What dark receſs, what diſtant clime, Shall hide me from thy
3 If up to heav'ns e - the real height, Thy proſpect to e - lude I riſe; In ſplendor there, ſupremely bright, Thy preſence ſhall my
4 The mighty God I my wond'ring ſoul, Thee all her conſcious pow'rs adore Whoſe being circumſcribes the whole Whoſe eyes the u - ni-

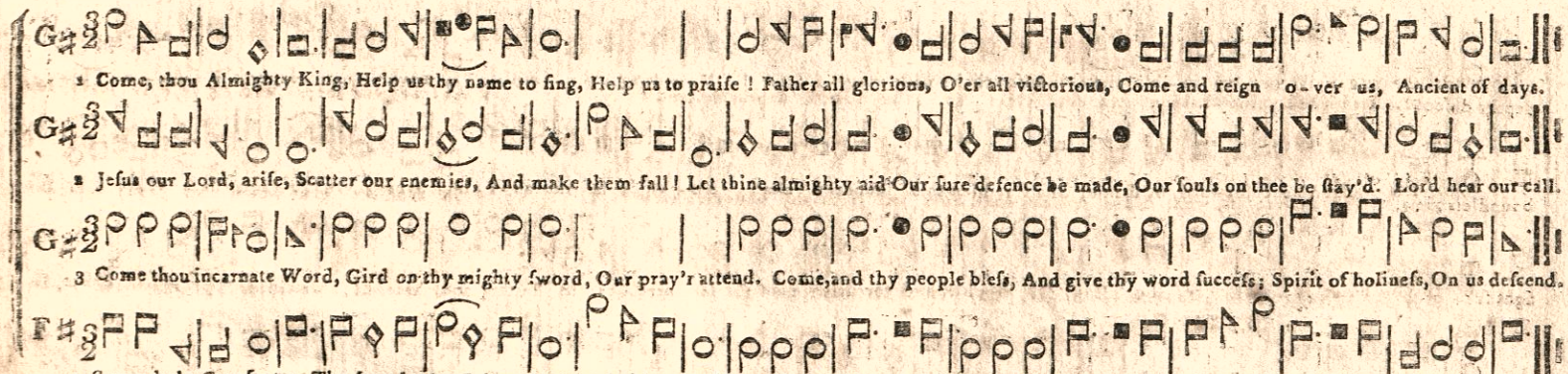
Moderate. CUBA. No. 127.

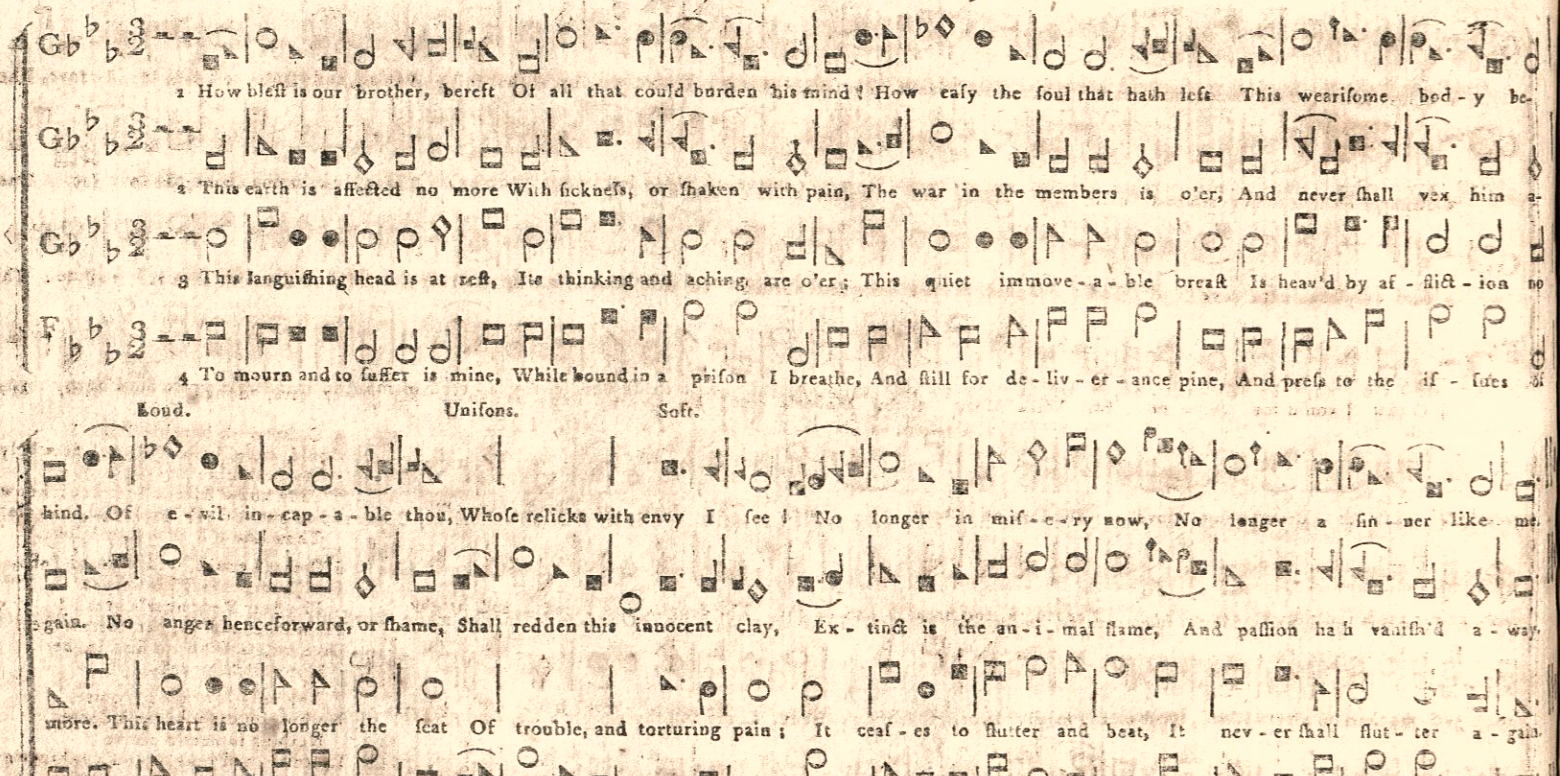

depths deſcend? Its higheſt point what eye can find; Or to its loweſt depths deſcend?
1 As the good ſhep - herd gent - ly leads His
boundleſs view? What dark receſs, what diſtant clime, Shall hide me from thy boundleſs view?
2 So God the guar - dian of my ſoul, Does
ſight ſur - priſe. In ſplendor there, ſupremely bright, Thy preſ - ence ſhall my ſight ſur - priſe.
4 Thy ev - er watchful prov - i - dence, Is
verſe ex - plore. Whoſe being circumſcribes the whole Whoſe eyes the u - ni - verſe ex - plore.
5 O bounteous God! my fu - ture days, Shall

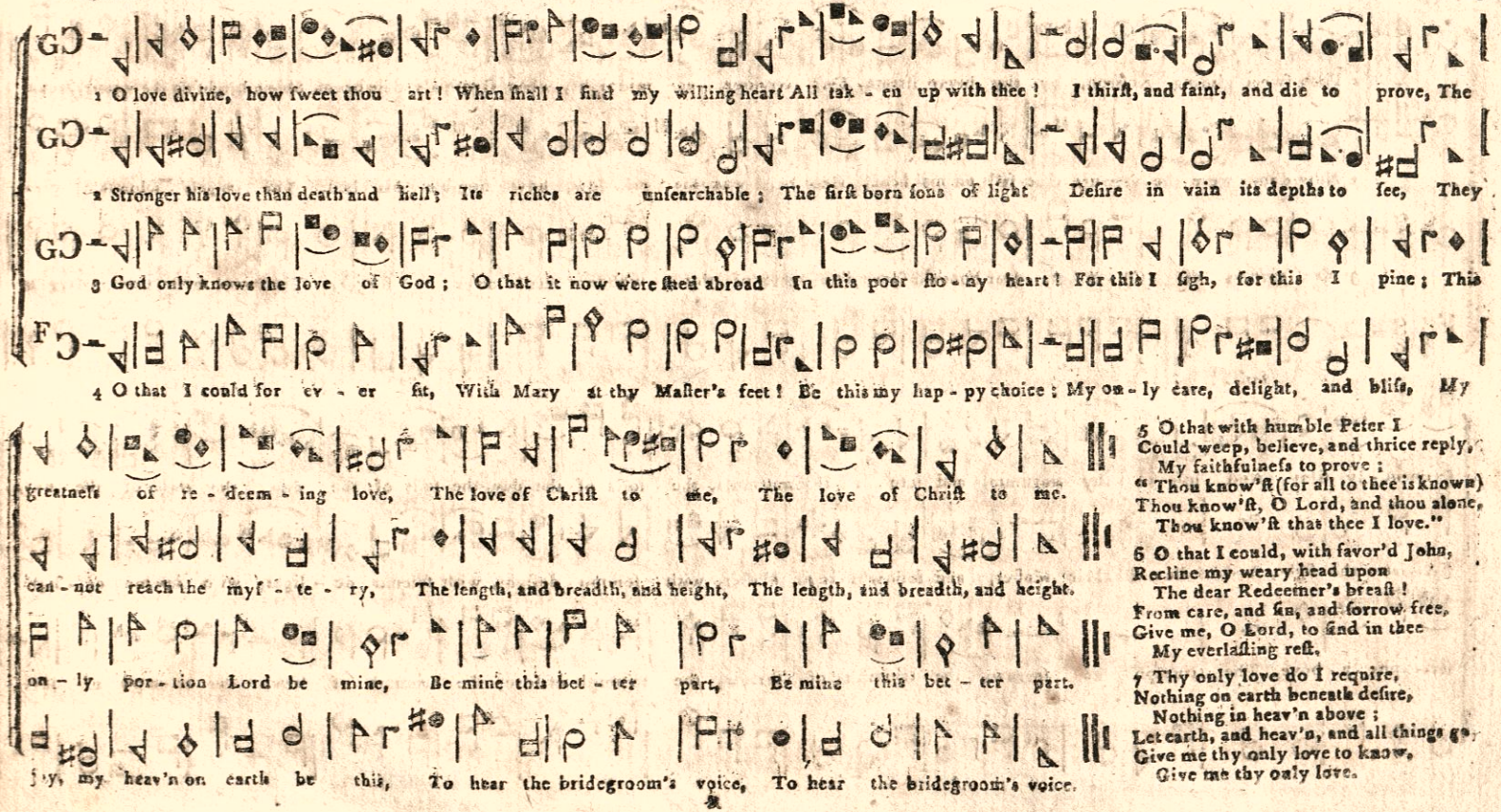

wand'ring flocks, his wan'dring flocks, his wand'ring flocks, co ver - dant meads ; Where winding rivers, ſoft and flow, Amidſt the verdant land ſcape flow.
all my erring, all my erring, all my erring ſteps controul ; When loſt in ſins perplexing maze, He brings me back to vir - tues ways.
my ſup - port, is my ſup - port, is my ſup - port and my de - fence ; With thee I am of all poſ - ſeſt ; To be with thee is to be bleſt.
be de - vot - ed, be de - vot - ed, be de - vot - ed to thy praiſe And in thy houſe, thy ſa - cred name And wond'rous grace ſhall be my theme.

Cheerful. Unisons.

TRINITY. No. 128.


1 Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to ſing, Help us to praiſe ! Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.
2 Jeſus our Lord, ariſe, Scatter our enemies, And make them fall ! Let thine almighty aid Our ſure defence be made, Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd. Lord hear our call.
3 Come thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty ſword, Our pray'r attend. Come, and thy people bleſs, And give thy word ſucceſs ; Spirit of holineſs, On us deſcend.
4 Come, holy Comforter, Thy ſacred witneſs bear In this glad hour ; Thou who almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne,er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r.
5 To the great One in Three Eternal praiſes be, Hence—evermore ! His ſov'reign Majeſty May we in glory ſee, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and adore.


1 How bleſt is our brother, bereft Of all that could burden his mind! How eaſy the ſoul that hath left This wearifome bod-y be-
2 This earth is affected no more With ſickneſs, or ſhaken with pain, The war in the members is o'er, And never ſhall vex him a-
3 This languiſhing head is at reſt, Its thinking and aching are o'er; This quiet immove-a-ble breaſt Is heav'd by af-flict-ion no
4 To mourn and to ſuffer is mine, While bound in a priſon I breathe, And ſtill for de-liv-er-ance pine, And preſs to the if-ſues of
Loud. Unifons. Soft.
kind. Of e-vil in-cap-a-ble thou, Whoſe relicks with envy I ſee! No longer in miſ-e-ry now, No longer a ſin-ner like me.
gain. No anger henceforward, or ſhame, Shall redden this innocent clay, Ex-tinct is the an-i-mal flame, And paſſion hath vaniſh'd a-way.
more. This heart is no longer the ſeat Of trouble, and torturing pain; It ceaſ-es to flutter and beat, It nev-er ſhall flut-ter a-gain.
death. What now with my tears I be-dew, O might I this moment become, My ſpir-it cre-at-ed a-new, My fleſh be conſign'd to the tomb.

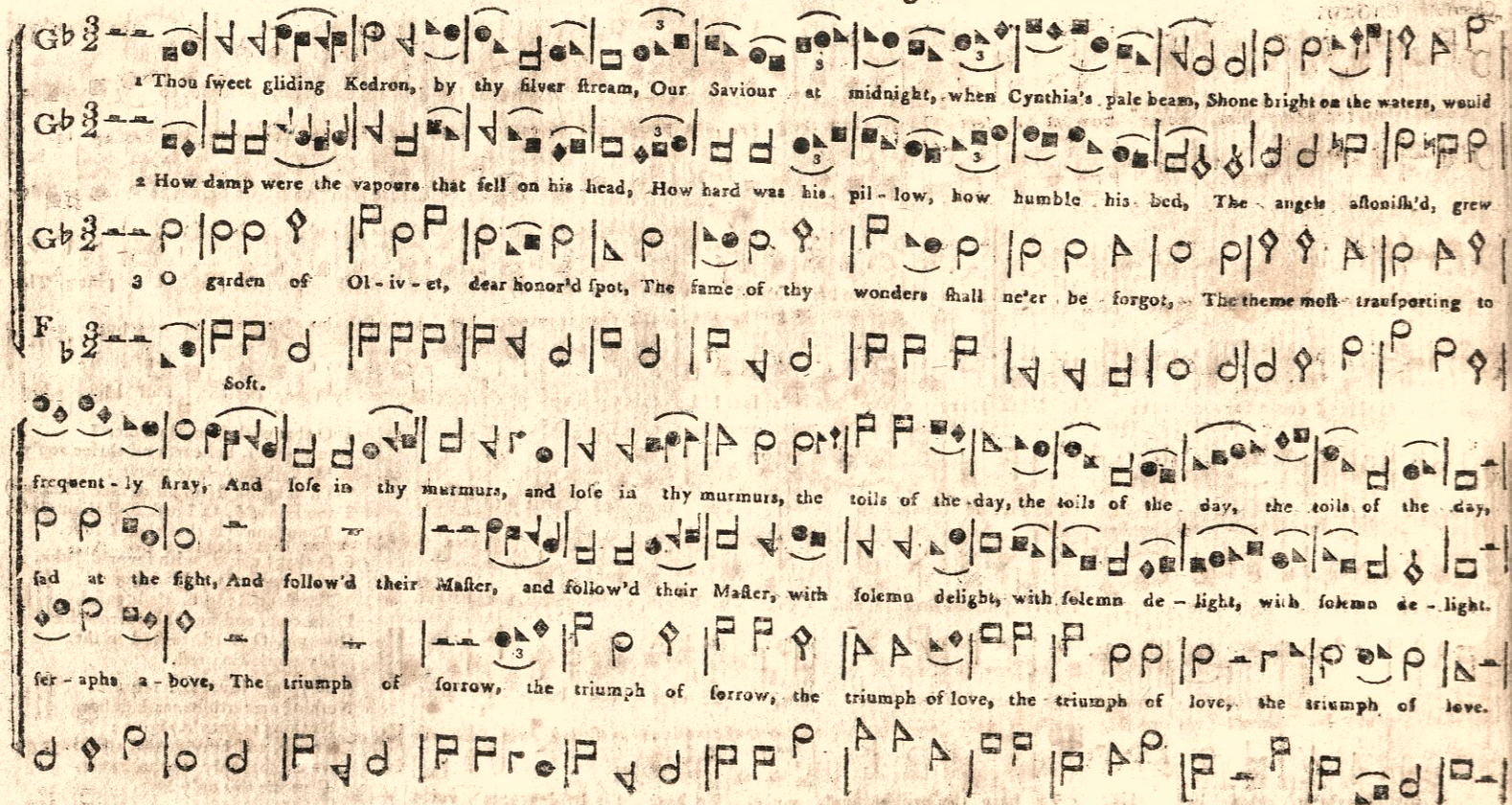

1 O love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All tak - en up with thee! I thirst, and faint, and die to prove, The
2 Stronger his love than death and hell; Its riches are unsearchable; The first born sons of light Desire in vain its depths to see, They
3 God only knows the love of God; O that it now were shed abroad In this poor stony heart! For this I sigh, for this I pine; This
4 O that I could for ev - er sit, With Mary at thy Master's feet! Be this my hap - py choice; My on - ly care, delight, and bliss, My
greatness of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.
can - not reach the myste - ry, The length, and breadth, and height, The length, and breadth, and height.
on - ly por - tion Lord be mine, Be mine this bet - ter part, Be mine this bet - ter part.
joy, my heav'n on earth be this, To hear the bridegroom's voice, To hear the bridegroom's voice.

5 O that with humble Peter I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove;
"Thou know'st (for all to thee is known)
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love."

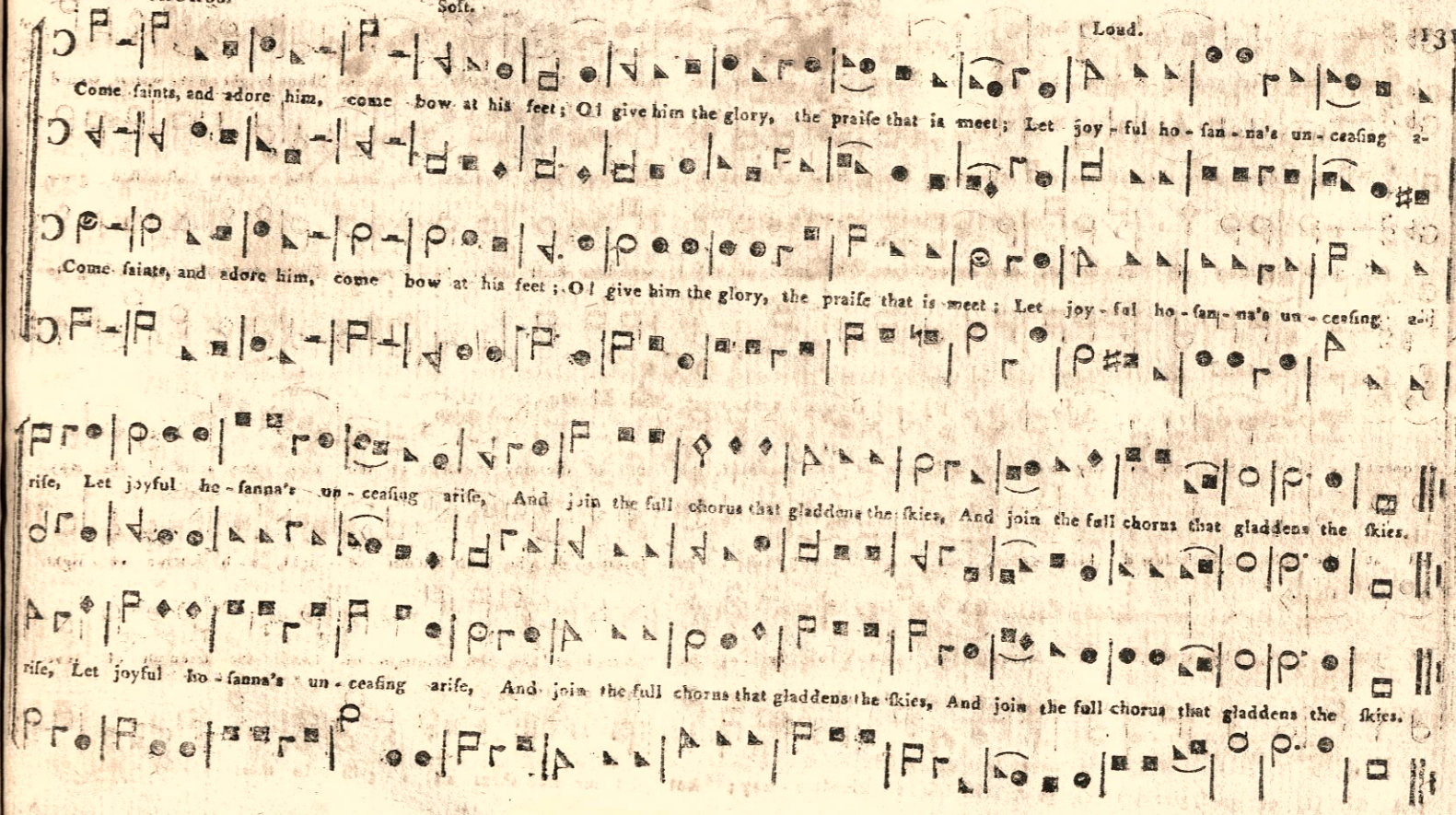
6 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

7 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heav'n above;
Let earth, and heav'n, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Give me thy only love.

KEDRON. No. 131.

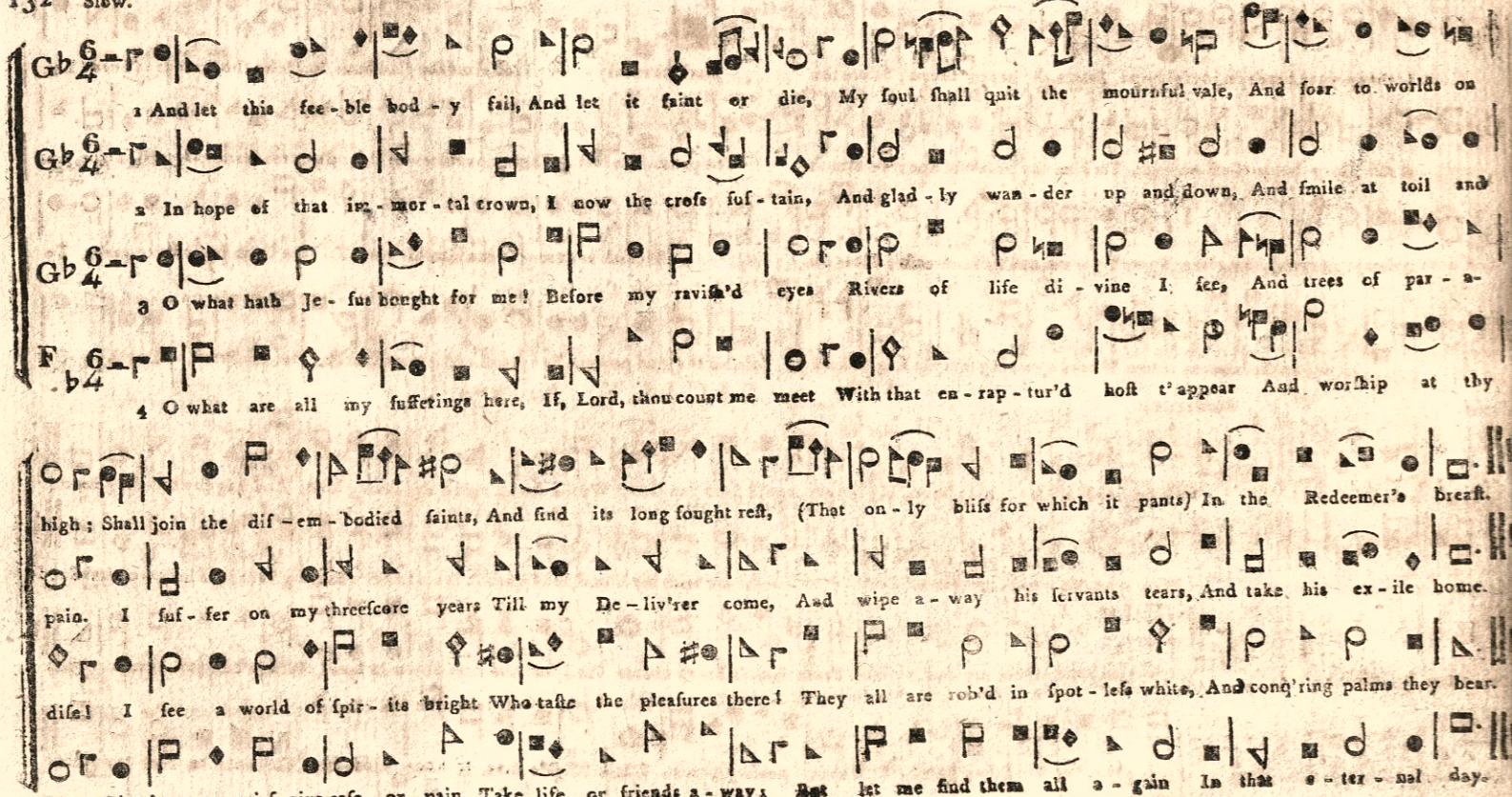

1 Thou ſweet gliding Kedron, by thy ſilver ſtream, Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's pale beam, Shone bright on the waters, would
2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his head, How hard was his pil-low, how humble his bed, The angels aſoniſh'd, grew
3 O garden of Ol-iv-et, dear honor'd ſpot, The fame of thy wonders ſhall ne'er be forgot, The theme moſt traufporting to
Soft.
freqent-ly ſtray, And loſe in thy murmurs, and loſe in thy murmurs, the toils of the day, the toils of the day, the toils of the day,
ſad at the ſight, And follow'd their Maſter, and follow'd their Maſter, with ſolemn delight, with ſolemn de-light, with ſolemn de-light.
ſer-aphs a-bove, The triumph of ſorrow, the triumph of ſorrow, the triumph of love, the triumph of love, the triumph of love.

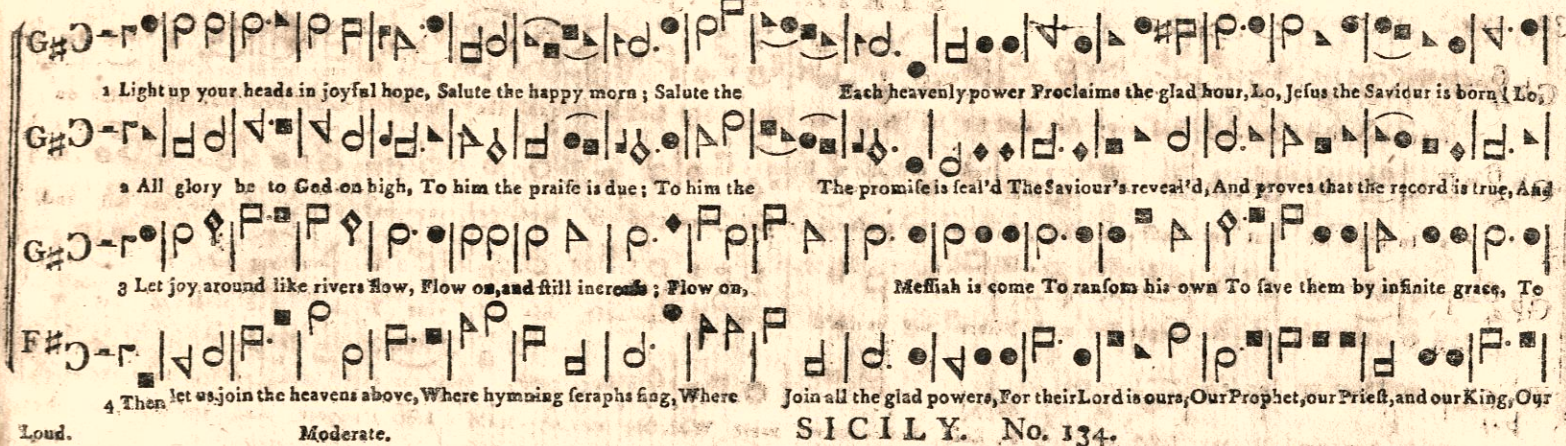
Cheerful. CHORUS. Soft. Loud.


Come saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet; O! give him the glory, the praise that is meet; Let joy-ful ho-san-na's un-ceasing a-
Come saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet; O! give him the glory, the praise that is meet; Let joy-ful ho-san-na's un-ceasing a-
rise, Let joyful ho-sanna's un-ceasing arise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.
rise, Let joyful ho-sanna's un-ceasing arise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

Slow.

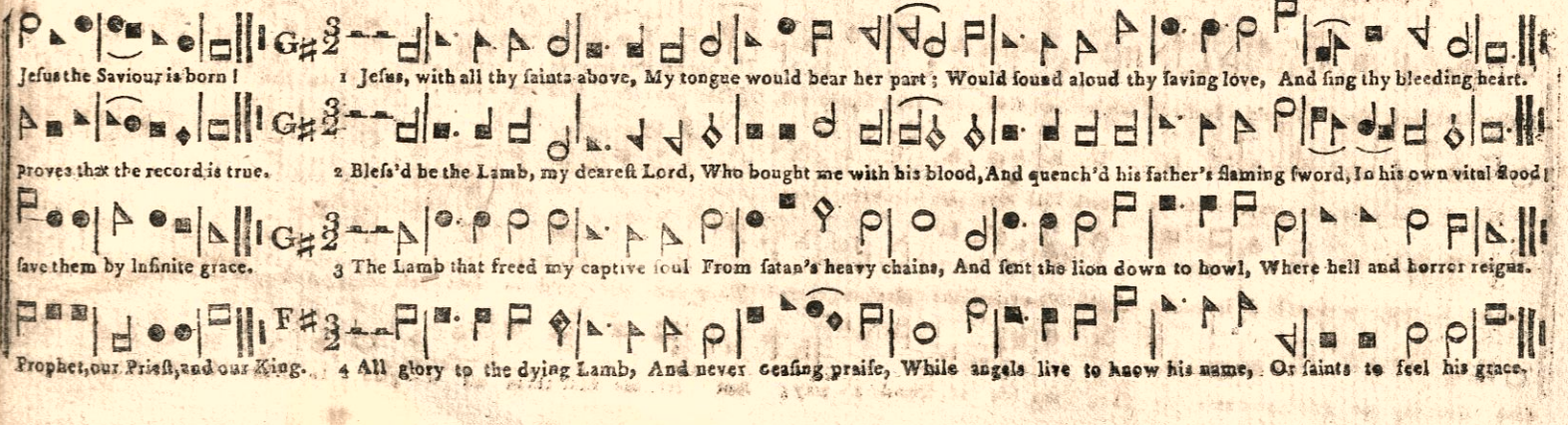
SYRIA. No. 132.


1 And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint or die, My ſoul ſhall quit the mournful vale, And ſoar to worlds on
2 In hope of that im - mor - tal crown, I now the croſs ſuſ - tain, And glad - ly wan - der up and down, And ſmile at toil and
3 O what hath Je - ſus bought for me! Before my raviſh'd eyes Rivers of life di - vine I ſee, And trees of par - a -
4 O what are all my ſufferings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet With that en - rap - tur'd hoſt t' appear And wor ſhip at thy
high; Shall join the diſ - em - bodied ſaints, And find its long ſought reſt, (That on - ly bliſs for which it pants) In the Redeemer's breaſt.
pain. I ſuf - fer on my threeſcore years Till my De - liv'rer come, And wipe a - way his ſervants tears, And take his ex - ile home.
diſe! I ſee a world of ſpir - its bright Who taſte the pleaſures there! They all are rob'd in ſpot - leſs white, And conq'ring palms they bear.
feet. Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain, Take life or friends a - way, But let me find them all a - gain In that e - ter - nal day.

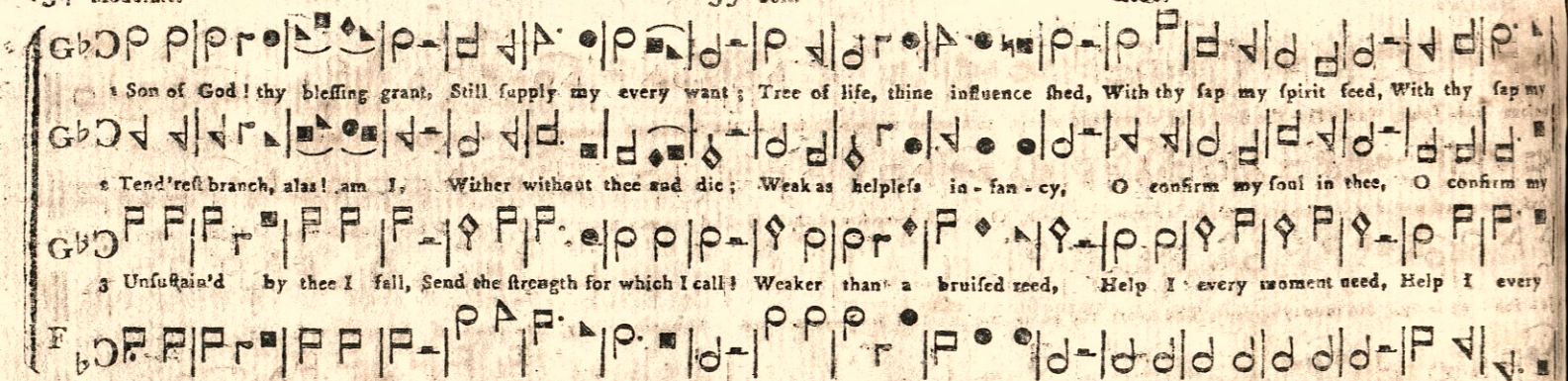

1 Light up your heads in joyful hope, Salute the happy morn ; Salute the Each heavenly power Proclaims the glad hour, Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born ! Lo,
2 All glory be to God on high, To him the praise is due ; To him the The promise is seal'd The Saviour's reveal'd, And proves that the record is true, And
3 Let joy around like rivers flow, Flow on, and still increase ; Flow on, Messiah is come To ransom his own To save them by infinite grace, To
4 Then let us join the heavens above, Where hymning seraphs sing, Where Join all the glad powers, For their Lord is ours, Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King, Our

Loud. Moderate.

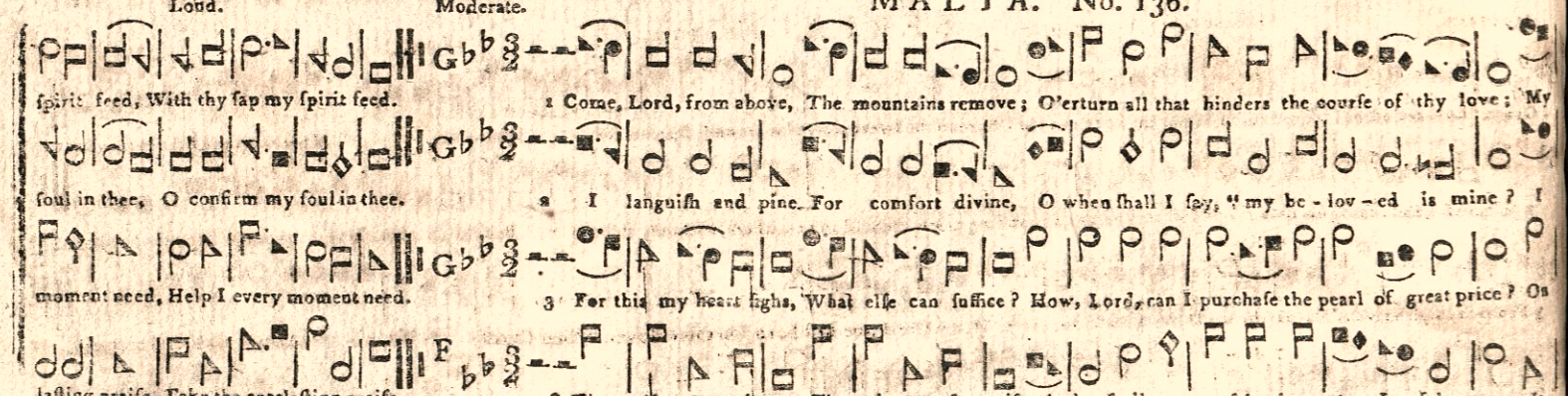
SICILY. No. 134.


Jesus the Saviour is born !
1 Jesus, with all thy saints above, My tongue would bear her part ; Would sound aloud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.
proves that the record is true.
2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord, Who bought me with his blood, And quench'd his father's flaming sword, In his own vital flood !
save them by infinite grace.
3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul From satan's heavy chains, And sent the lion down to howl, Where hell and horror reigns.
Prophet, our Priest, and our King.
4 All glory to the dying Lamb, And never ceasing praise, While angels live to know his name, Or saints to feel his grace.

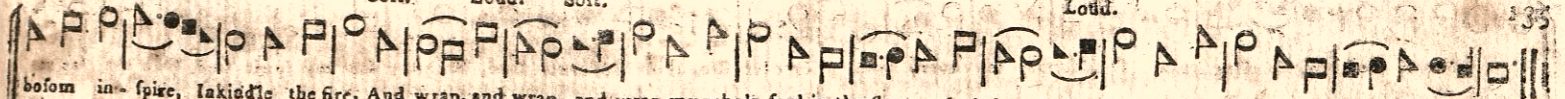
Moderate. **TURIN.** No. 135. Soft. Loud. Soft.


1 Son of God! thy bleſſing grant, Still ſupply my every want; Tree of life, thine influence ſhed, With thy ſap my ſpirit feed, With thy ſap my
2 Tend'reſt branch, alas! am I, Wither without thee and die; Weak as helpleſs in-fan-cy, O confirm my ſoul in thee, O confirm my
3 Unſuſtain'd by thee I fall, Send the ſtrength for which I call! Weaker than a bruiſed reed, Help I every moment need, Help I every
4 All my hopes on thee depend, Love me! ſave me to the end! Give me the continuing grace, Take the ever-laſting praiſe, Take the ever-

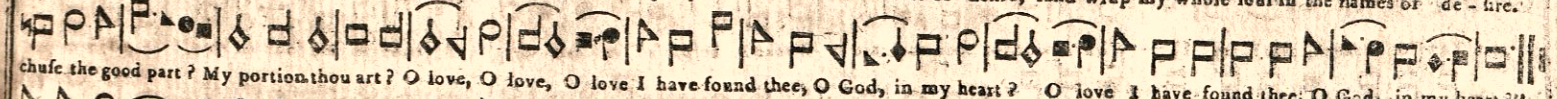
Loud. Moderate. **MALTA.** No. 136.


ſpirit feed, With thy ſap my ſpirit feed.
ſoul in thee, O confirm my ſoul in thee.
moment need, Help I every moment need.
laſting praiſe, Take the everlaſting praiſe.
1 Come, Lord, from above, The mountains remove; O'erturn all that hinders the courſe of thy love; My
2 I languiſh and pine For comfort divine, O when ſhall I ſay, "my be-lov-ed is mine? I
3 For this my heart ſighs, What elſe can ſuffice? How, Lord, can I purchaſe the pearl of great price? On
6 The gift I embrace, The giv-er I praiſe, And aſcribe my ſalvation to Je-ſu's grace; Je

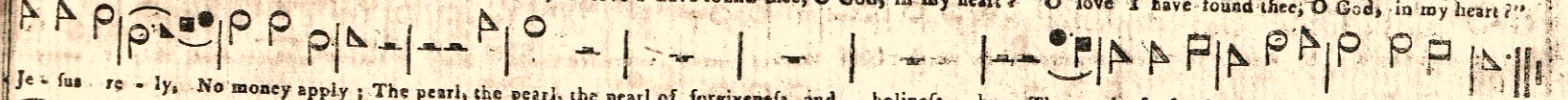
Soft. Loud. Soft. Loud.



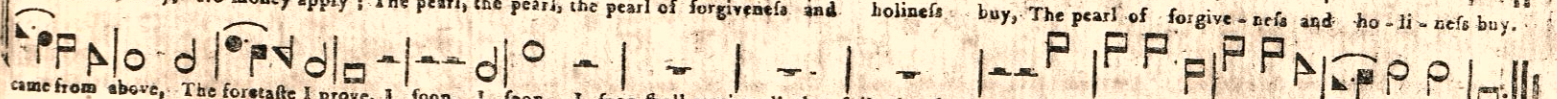
bosom in - spire, Inkindle the fire, And wrap, and wrap, and wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire, And wrap my whole soul in the flames of de - sire.



chuse the good part? My portion thou art? O love, O love, O love I have found thee, O God, in my heart? O love I have found thee, O God, in my heart?

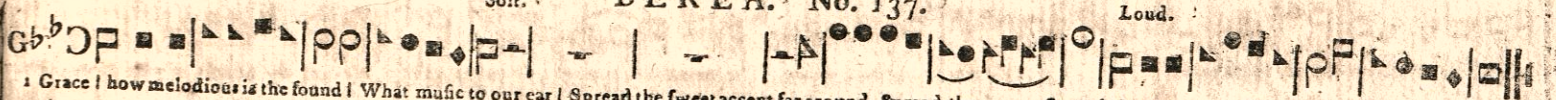


Je - sus re - ly, No money apply; The pearl, the pearl, the pearl of forgiveness and holiness buy, The pearl of forgive - ness and ho - li - ness buy.

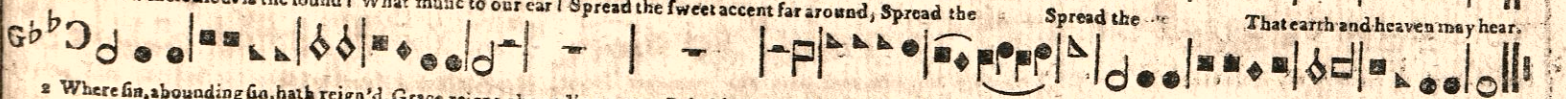


came from above, The foretaste I prove, I soon, I soon, I soon shall receive all thy fullness of love, I soon shall receive all thy fullness of love.

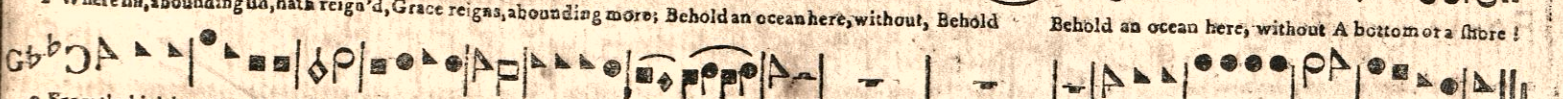
Moderate. Soft. BEREA. No. 137. Loud.



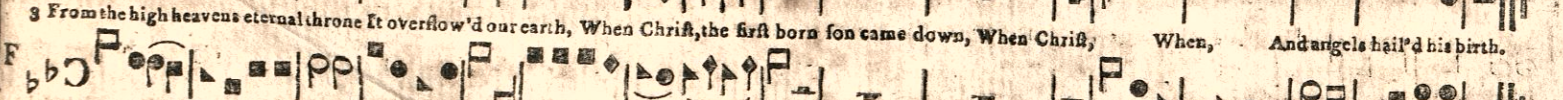
1 Grace! how melodious is the sound! What music to our ear! Spread the sweet accent far around, Spread the Spread the That earth and heaven may hear.



2 Where sin, abounding sin, hath reign'd, Grace reigns, abounding more; Behold an ocean here, without, Behold Behold an ocean here, without A bottom or a shore!



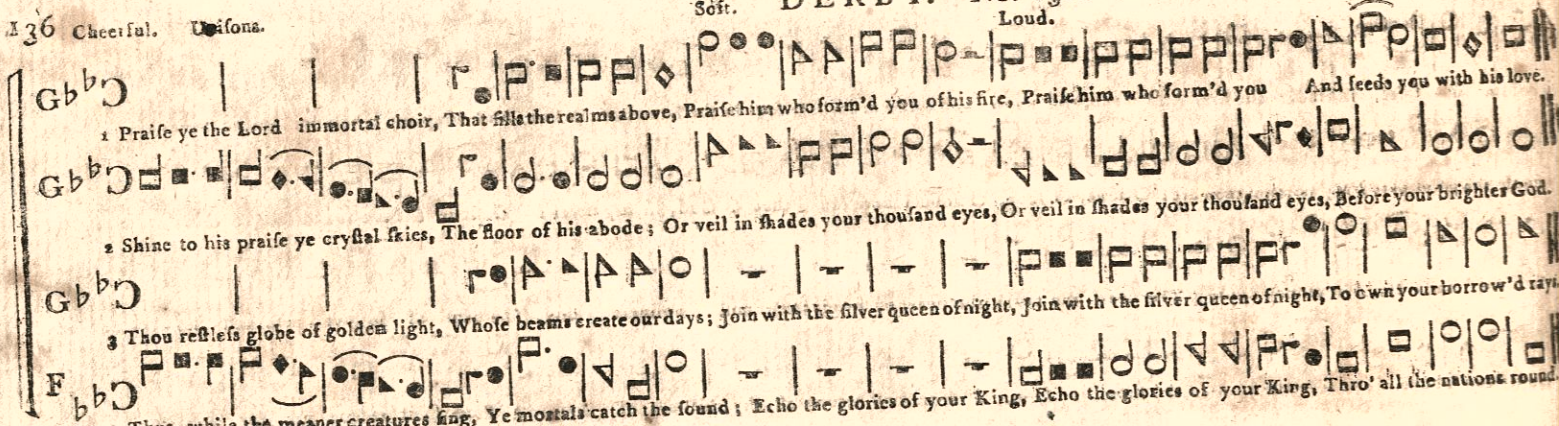
3 From the high heavens eternal throne It overflow'd our earth, When Christ, the first born son came down, When Christ, When, And angels hail'd his birth.



4 Grace was the theme, the glad'ning theme, Of their astonish'd strains; Grace, free, abounding grace to man, Grace, free, Grace, Thro' all their anthems reigns.

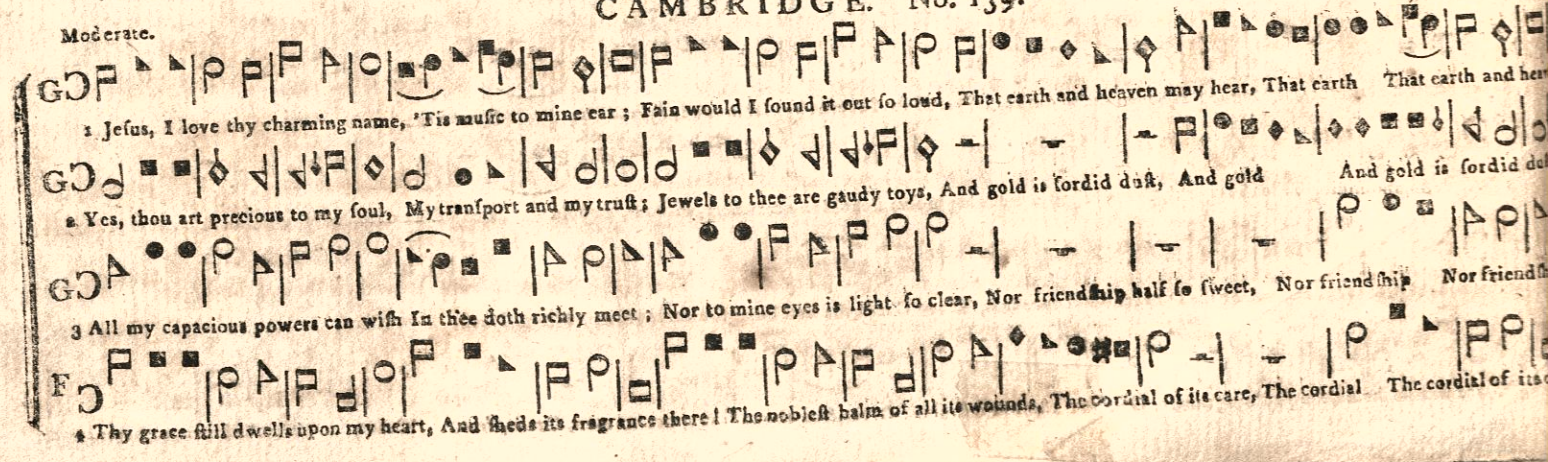
Cheerful. Unisona. Soft. Loud.

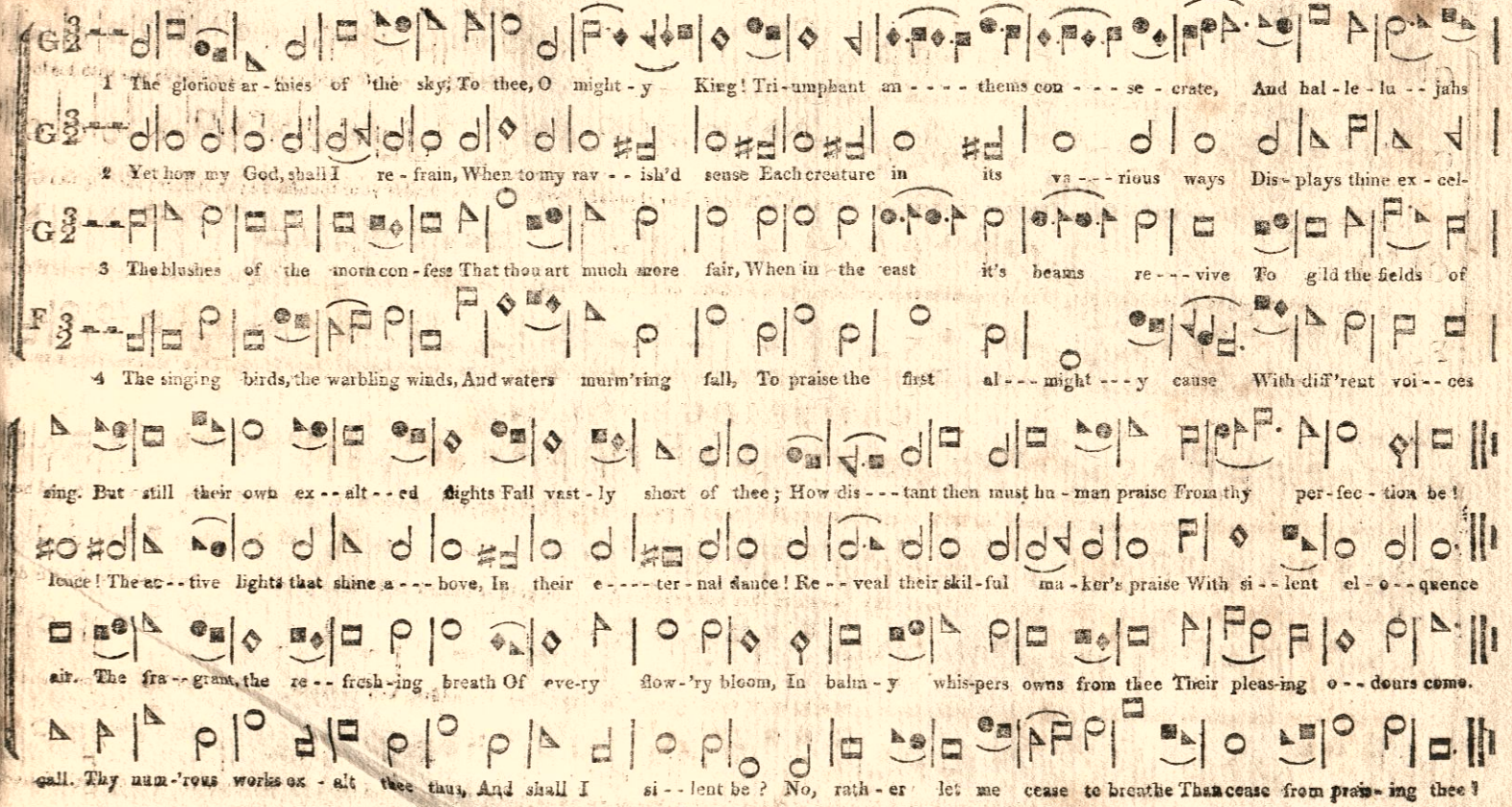
DERBY. No. 138.


1 Praise ye the Lord immortal choir, That fills the realms above, Praise him who form'd you of his fire, Praise him who form'd you And feeds you with his love.
2 Shine to his praise ye crystal skies, The floor of his abode; Or veil in shades your thousand eyes, Or veil in shades your thousand eyes, Before your brighter God.
3 Thou restless globe of golden light, Whose beams create our days; Join with the silver queen of night, Join with the silver queen of night, To own your borrow'd ray
7 Thus, while the meaner creatures sing, Ye mortals catch the sound; Echo the glories of your King, Echo the glories of your King, Thro' all the nations round.

CAMBRIDGE. No. 139.

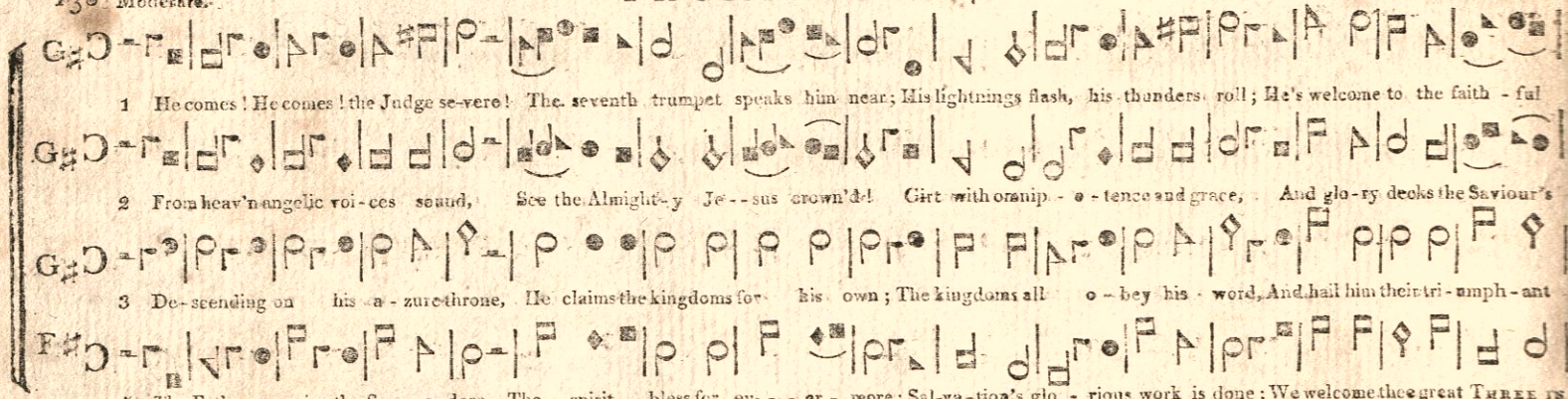
Moderate.


1 Jesus, I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to mine ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heaven may hear, That earth That earth and hea
2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jewels to thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust, And gold And gold is sordid du
3 All my capacious powers can wish In thee doth richly meet; Nor to mine eyes is light so clear, Nor friendship half so sweet, Nor friendship Nor friendsh
4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, And sheds its fragrance there! The noblest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care, The cordial The cordial of its c


1 The glorious ar - mies of the sky; To thee, O might - y King! Tri - umphant an - - - - thems con - - - se - crate, And hal - le - lu - - jahs
2 Yet how my God, shall I re - frain, When to my rav - - ish'd sense Each creature in its va - - - rious ways Dis - plays thine ex - cel -
3 The blushes of the morn con - fess That thou art much more fair, When in the east it's beams re - - - vive To gild the fields of
4 The singing birds, the warbling winds, And waters murm'ring fall, To praise the first al - - - might - - - y cause With diff'rent voi - - ces
sing. But still their own ex - - alt - - ed flights Fall vast - ly short of thee; How dis - - - tant then must hu - man praise From thy per - fec - tion be!
lence! The ac - - tive lights that shine a - - - bove, In their e - - - - ter - nal dance! Re - - veal their skil - ful ma - ker's praise With si - - lent el - o - - quence
air. The fra - - grant, the re - - fresh - ing breath Of eve - ry flow - 'ry bloom, In balm - y whis - pers owns from thee Their pleas - ing o - - dours come.
call. Thy num - 'rous works ex - alt thee thus, And shall I si - - lent be? No, rath - er let me cease to breathe Than cease from prais - ing thee!

Moderate.

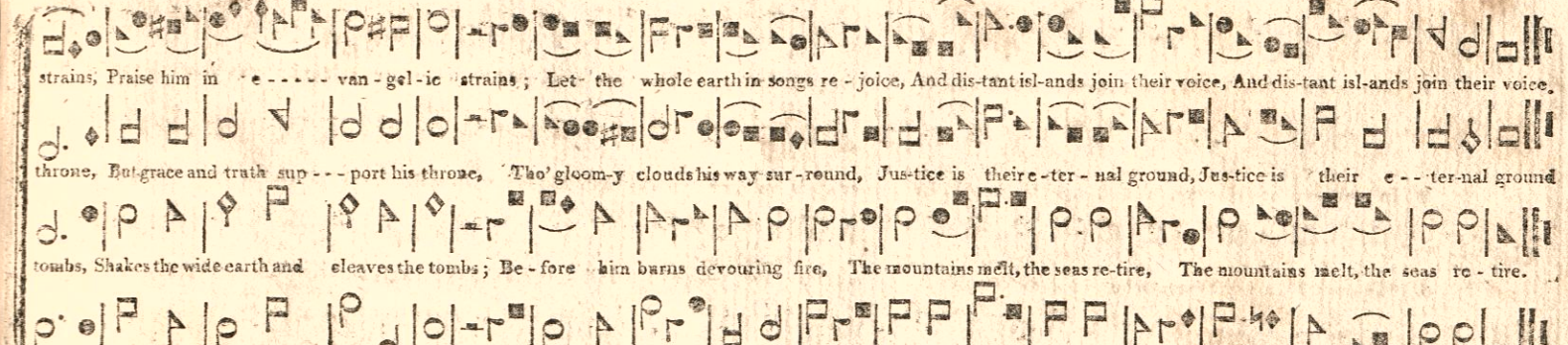
TRUMPET. No. 141.


1 He comes! He comes! the Judge se-vere! The seventh trumpet speaks him near; His lightnings flash, his thunders roll; He's welcome to the faith - ful
2 From heav'n angelic voi-ces sound, See the Almight-y Je--sus crown'd! Girt with omnip - o - tence and grace, And glo-ry decks the Saviour's
3 De-scending on his a - zure throne, He claims the kingdoms for his own; The kingdoms all o - bey his word, And hail him their tri - umph - ant
5 The Fath - er praise the Son a-dore, The spirit bless for ev- - - er- more; Sal-va-tion's glo - rious work is done; We welcome thee great THREE IN

Moderate.

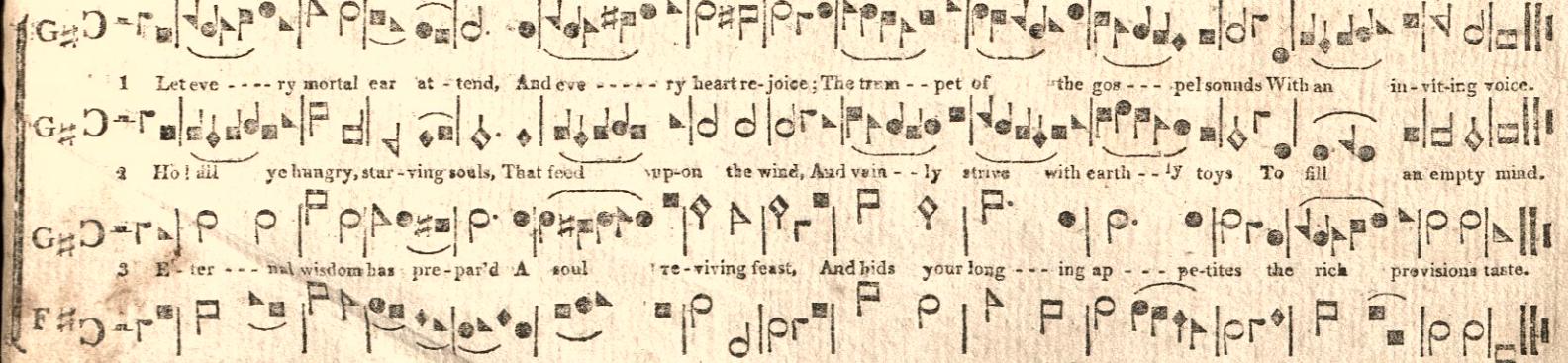
GATH. No. 142.

soul! Welcome, wel-come, welcome, welcome, welcome to the faithful soul. 1 He reigns, the Lord the Sav-iour reigns, Praise him in e- - - van - gel - ic
face, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry decks the Saviour's face. 2 Deep are his counsels and un--known; But grace and truth sup - port his
Lord, Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him their tri - - umphant Lord. 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes! Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the
Wel-come, wel-come, wel-come, wel-come thee great THREE IN ONE 4 His en - e - mies, with sore dis - may, Fly from the sight, and shun the


strains, Praise him in e - - - - - van - gel - ic strains; Let the whole earth in songs re - joice, And dis-tant isl-ands join their voice, And dis-tant isl-ands join their voice.
throne, But grace and truth sup - - - port his throne, Tho' gloom-y clouds his way sur - round, Jus-tice is their e - ter - nal ground, Jus-tice is their e - - - ter-nal ground
tombs, Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs; Be - fore him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas re-tire, The mountains melt, the seas re - tire.
day, Fly from the sight, and shun the day; Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high, And sing, for your re-demption 's nigh, And sing, for your re - - - demption 's nigh.

Moderate.

STAFFORD. No. 143.


1 Let eve - - - - ry mortal ear at - tend, And eve - - - - - ry heart re-joice; The trum - - pet of the gos - - - pel sounds With an in - vit-ing voice.
2 Ho! all ye hungry, star - ving souls, That feed up-on the wind, And vain - - ly strive with earth - - ly toys To fill an empty mind.
3 E - ter - - - nal wisdom has pre-par'd A soul re-viving feast, And bids your long - - - ing ap - - - pe-tites the rich provisions taste.
5 Rivers of love and mer - cy here In a rich o - - cean join; Sal-va - - - tion is a - bun - - - dance flows, Like floods of milk and wine.

1 How firm a founda-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith, in his ex - cel - lent word; What more can he say than to you he hath
2 In eve-ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's vale, or a - - - bounding with wealth; At home and a - broad, on the land, on the
3 "Fear not I am with thee, O be not dis-may'd, I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to
4 When thro' the deep waters I cause thee to go, The riv-ers of trou-ble shall not thee o'erflow; For I will be with thee, thy trou-bles to

Cheerful. MARSEILLES. No. 145.

said? You, who un - to Je - - sus for ref - uge have fled.
1 All hail, in - - car - nate God! The wond'rous things fore - told Of thee, in
sea, "As days may de - - mand, so thy suc - cour shall be."
2 To thee the hoar-y head Its sil - - ver hon - or pays; To thee the
stand, Up - held by my right-eous, om - nip - o - - tent hand.
3 O haste, vic - to - rious Prince, That hap - py, glo - - rious day When souls, like
bless, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis - - tress.
4 All hail, tri - - umphant Lord, E - - ter - nal be thy reign; Be - - hold the

Soft. Loud.

sac - red writ, With joy our eyes be - hold. Still does thine arm new trophies wear, And mon-u - ment, and mon-u - ments, and mon-u - - ments of glo - ry rear.

blooming youth De - votes his brightest days. And every age their trib - ute bring, And bow to thee, and bow to thee, and bow to thee, all conq'ring King.

drops of dew, Shall own thy gen - tle sway. O may it bless our long-ing eyes And bear our shouts, and bear our shouts, and bear our shouts beyond the skies.

na - tions sue To wear thy gen - tle chain. When earth and time are known no more, Thy throne shall stand, thy throne shall stand thy throne shall stand for-ev - er sure.

EVENING HYMN. No. 146.

Moderate.

1. Glo-ry to thee my God this night For all the bles-sings of the light. Keep me, O keep me, King of kings Un - der thy own al - mighty wings.

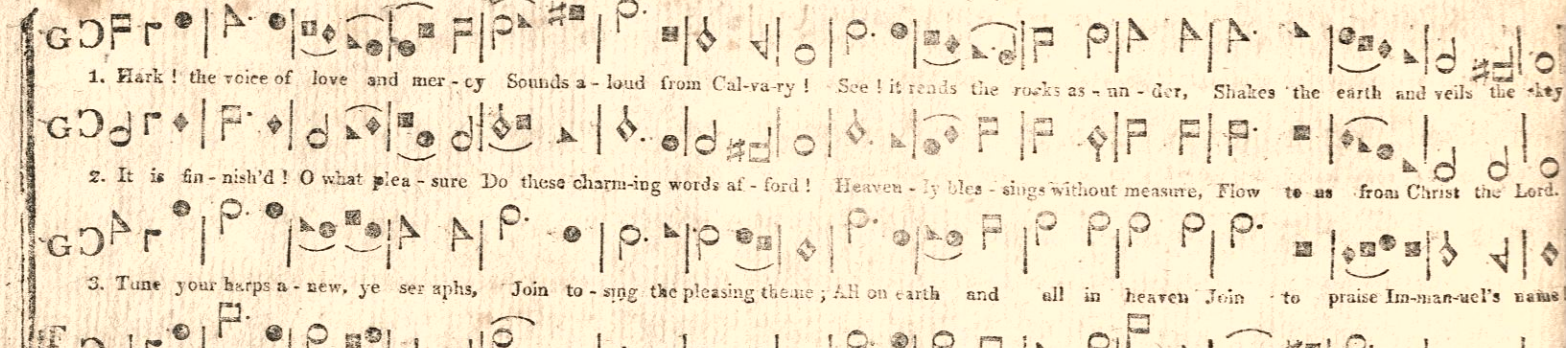
2. For-give me Lord, for thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done; That with the world, my-self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Lord, let my soul for ev - er share, The bliss of thy pa - ter-nal care; 'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n a - bove, To see thy face, and sing thy love.

4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him all crea-tures here be - low. Praise him a - - bove, an - gel - ic hosts. Praise Father, Son, and ho - ly Ghost.

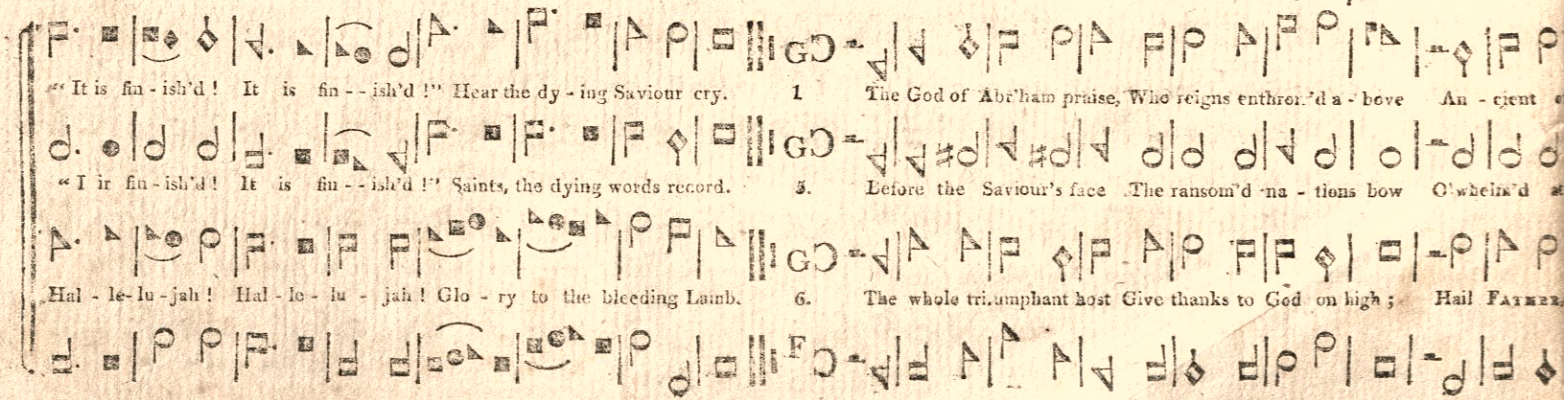
Moderate.

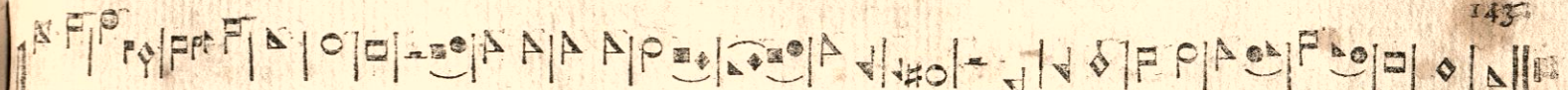
CALVARY. No. 147.


1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal-va-ry! See! it rends the rocks as - un - der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky
2. It is fin - nish'd! O what plea - sure Do these charm-ing words af - ford! Heaven - ly bles - sings without measure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
3. Tune your harps a - new, ye ser aphs, Join to - sing the pleasing theme; All on earth and all in heaven Join to praise Im-man-uel's name!

Slow and Soft, Moderate and loud. Moderate.

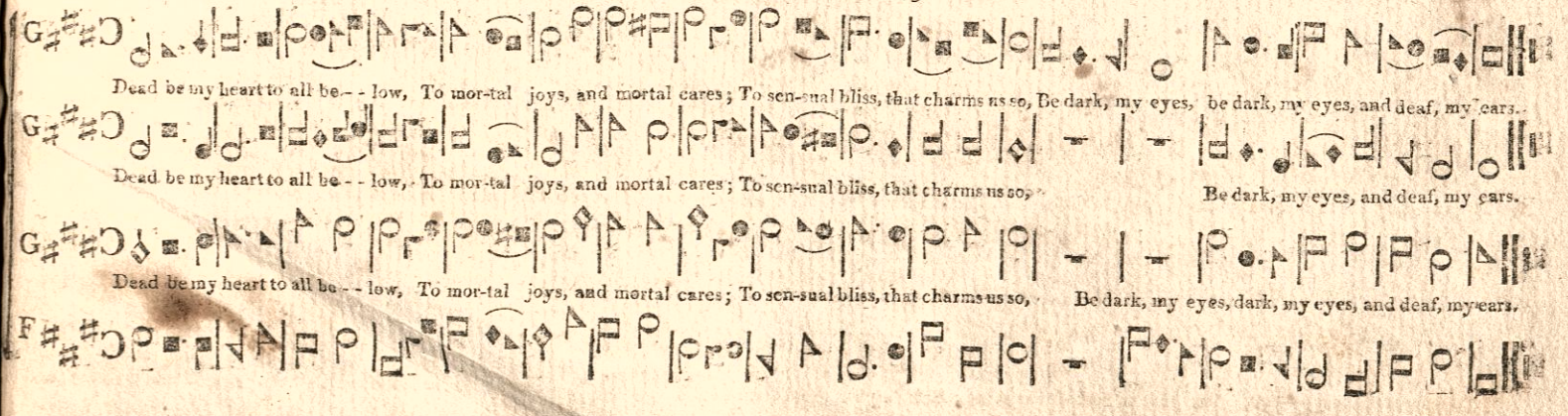
LEONI. No. 148.

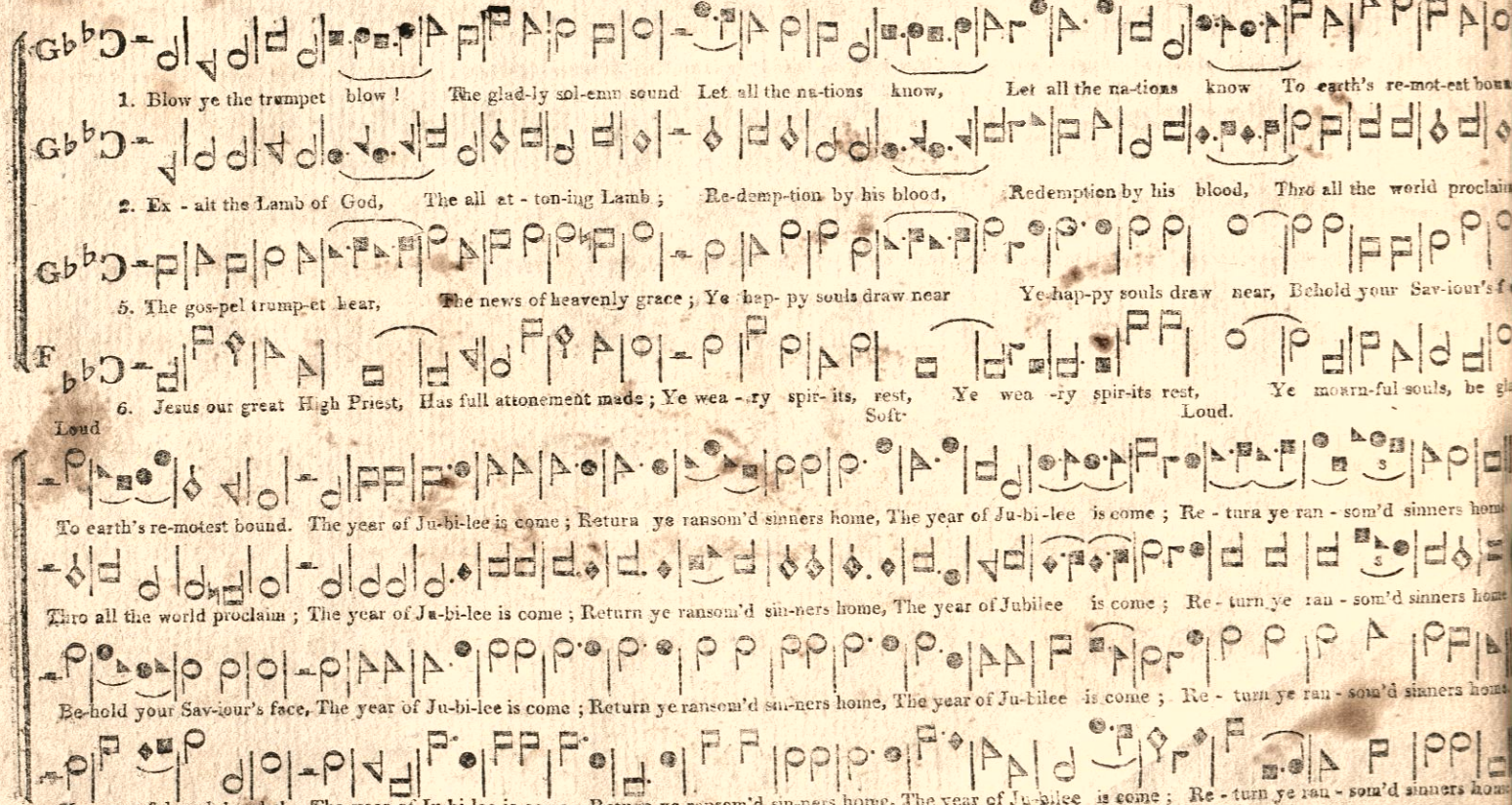

"It is fin - ish'd! It is fin - - ish'd!" Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry.
1 The God of Abr'ham praise, Who reigns enthron'd a - bove An - cient
"I ir fin - ish'd! It is fin - - ish'd!" Saints, the dying words record.
5. Before the Saviour's face The ransom'd na - tions bow O'whelm'd
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb.
6. The whole tri.umphant host Give thanks to God on high; Hail Father,


ev-er- last-ing days, And God of love. Jeho-vah great I Am! By earth and heaven con-fess'd; I bow and bless the sac-red name, For ev-er blest.
his almighty grace, Forev-er new. He shows his prints of love, They kindle to a flame! And sound thro' all the worlds a-bove, The slaughter-ed lamb.
Son, and Holy Ghost They ever cry. Hail, Abr'ham's God and mine, I join the heaven-ly lays; All might and majes-ty are thine And end-less praise

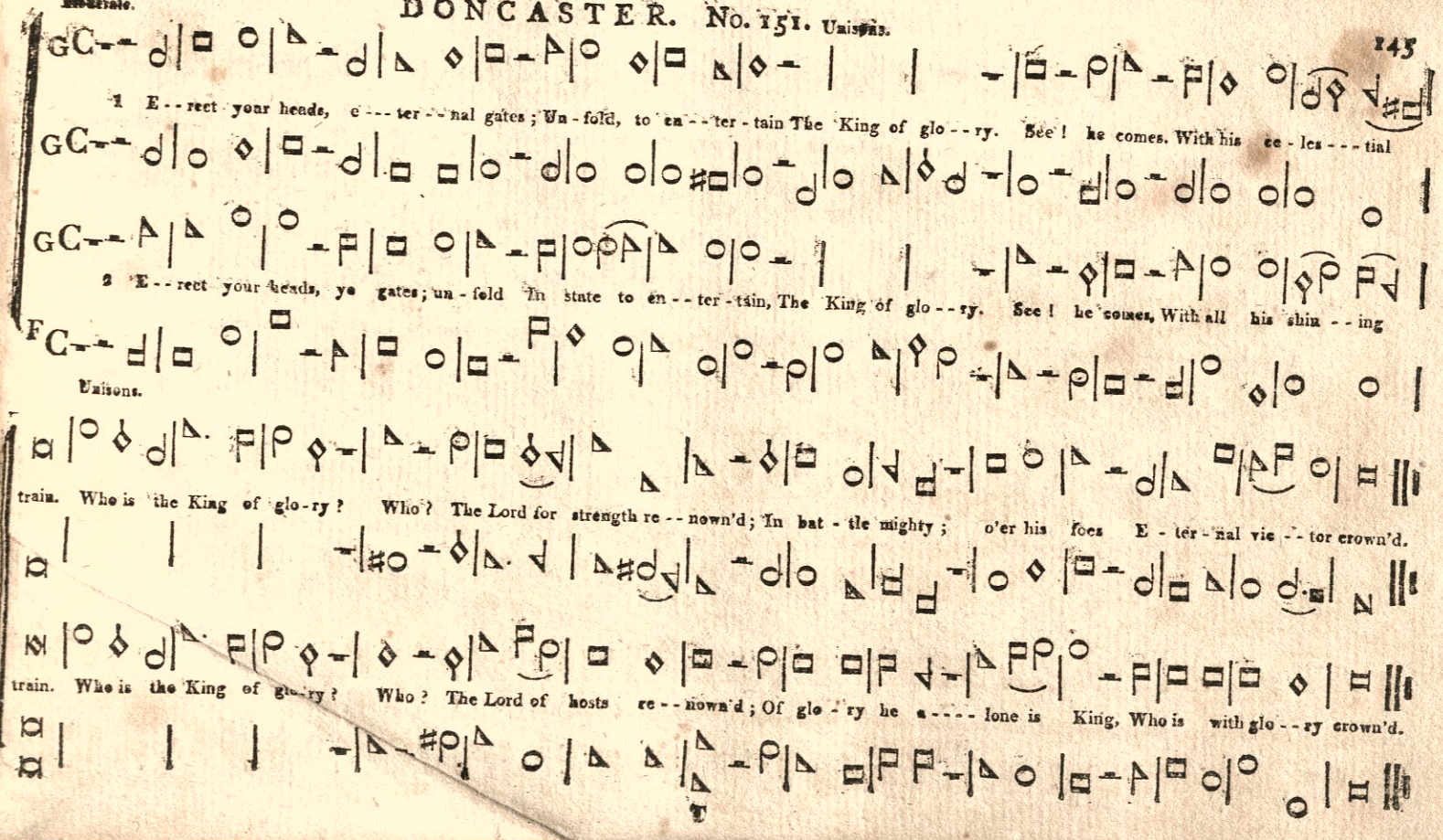
Moderate.

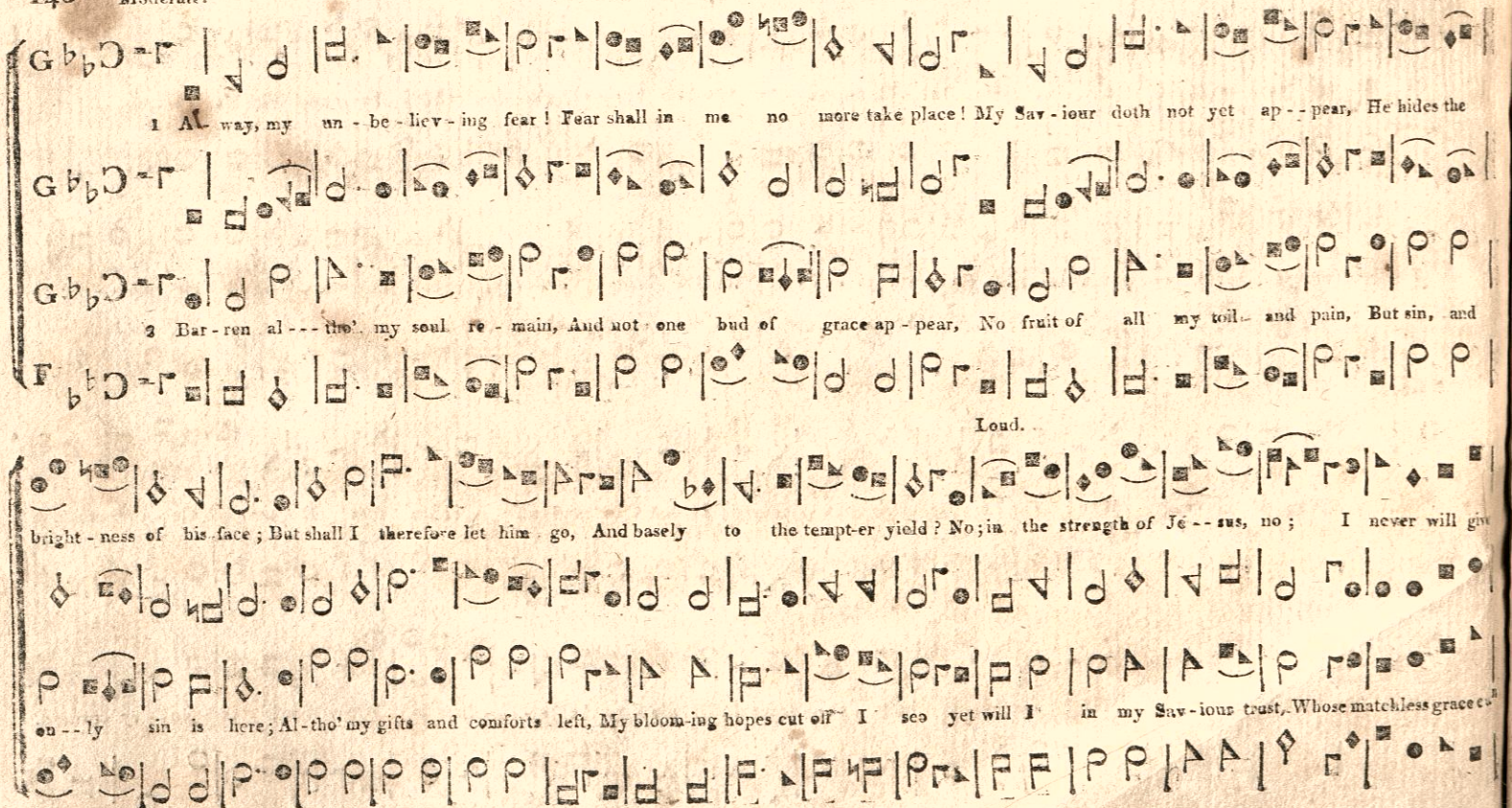
HADLEY. No. 149.

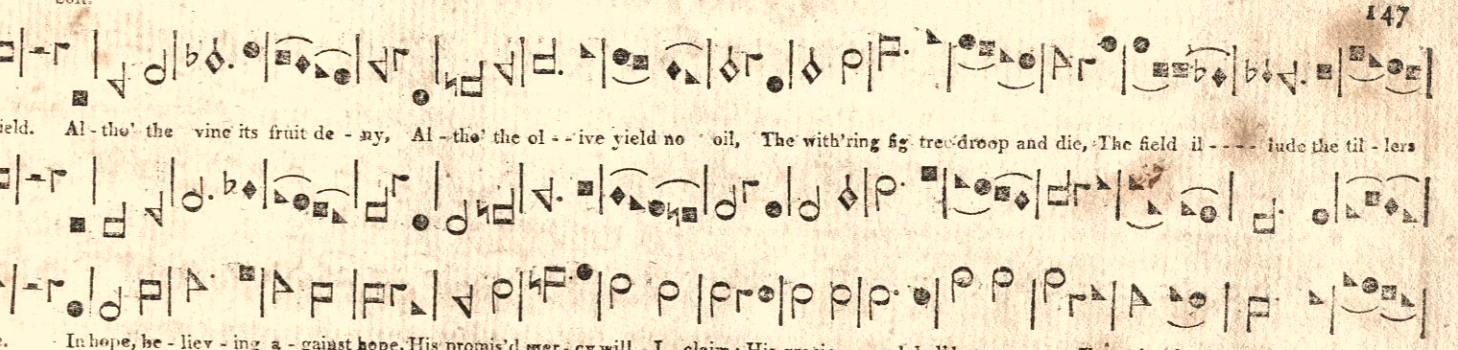

Dead be my heart to all be- - low, To mor-tal joys, and mortal cares; To sen-sual bliss, that charms us so, Be dark, my eyes, be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.
Dead be my heart to all be- - low, To mor-tal joys, and mortal cares; To sen-sual bliss, that charms us so, Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.
Dead be my heart to all be- - low, To mor-tal joys, and mortal cares; To sen-sual bliss, that charms us so, Be dark, my eyes, dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.


1. Blow ye the trumpet blow! The glad-ly sol-emn sound Let all the na-tions know, Let all the na-tions know To earth's re-mot-est bound
2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The all at - ton-ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion by his blood, Redemption by his blood, Thro all the world proclaim
5. The gos-pel trump-et hear, The news of heavenly grace; Ye hap- py souls draw near Ye hap-py souls draw near, Behold your Sav-iour's f
6. Jesus our great High Priest, Has full attonement made; Ye wea - ry spir- its, rest, Ye wea -ry spir-its rest, Ye mourn-ful souls, be gl
Loud
Soft.
Loud.
To earth's re-motest bound. The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Return ye ransom'd sinners home, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re - turn ye ran - som'd sinners home
Thro all the world proclaim; The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Return ye ransom'd sin-ners home, The year of Jubilee is come; Re - turn ye ran - som'd sinners home
Be-hold your Sav-iour's face, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Return ye ransom'd sin-ners home, The year of Ju-bilee is come; Re - turn ye ran - som'd sinners home
Ye mournful souls be glad, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Return ye ransom'd sin-ners home, The year of Ju-bilee is come; Re - turn ye ran - som'd sinners home

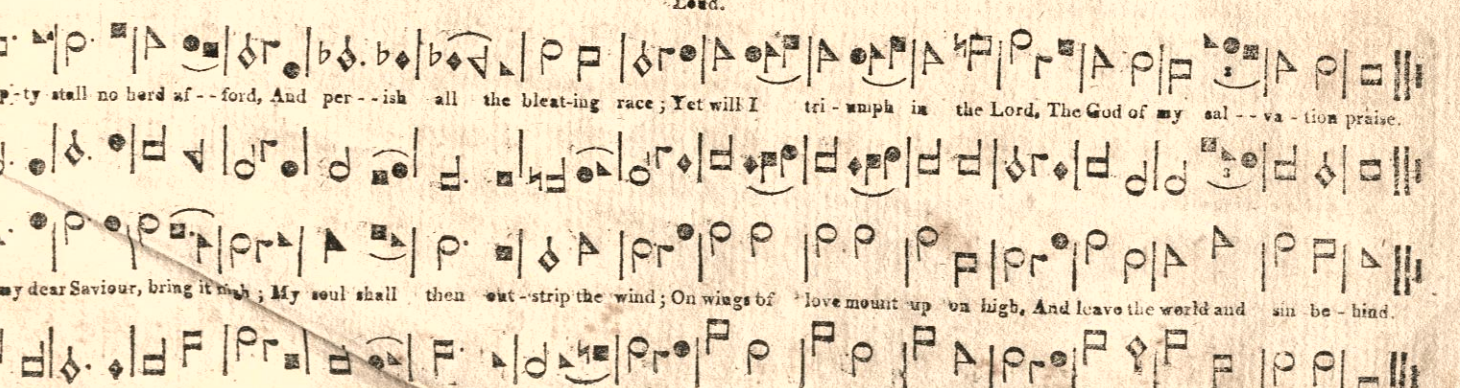
Moderate. **DONCASTER.** No. 151. Unisons.


1 E - - rect your heads, e - - - ter - - nal gates; Un - fold, to en - - ter - tain The King of glo - - ry. See! he comes. With his ce - les - - - tial
2 E - - rect your heads, ye gates; un - fold In state to en - - ter - tain, The King of glo - - ry. See! he comes, With all his shin - - ing
Unisons.
train. Who is the King of glo - ry? Who? The Lord for strength re - - nown'd; In bat - tle mighty; o'er his foes E - ter - nal vic - - tor crown'd.
train. Who is the King of glo - ry? Who? The Lord of hosts re - - nown'd; Of glo - ry he a - - - - lone is King, Who is with glo - - ry crown'd.

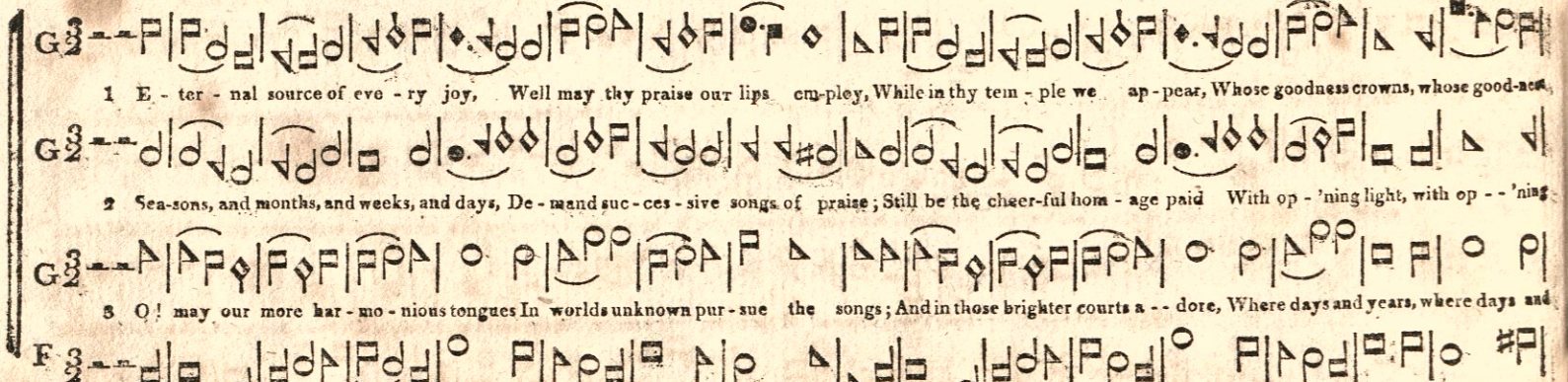

1 Al - way, my un - be - liev - ing fear! Fear shall in me no more take place! My Sav - iour doth not yet ap - - pear, He hides the
2 Bar - ren al - - - tho' my soul re - main, And not one bud of grace ap - pear, No fruit of all my toil and pain, But sin, and
Loud.
bright - ness of his face; But shall I therefore let him go, And basely to the tempt-er yield? No; in the strength of Je - - sus, no; I never will giv
on - - ly sin is here; Al - tho' my gifts and comforts left, My bloom-ing hopes cut off I see yet will I in my Sav - iour trust, Whose matchless grace c


up my shield. Al - tho' the vine its fruit de - ny, Al - tho' the ol - - ive yield no oil, The with'ring fig tree droop and die, The field il - - - - lude the til - lers
reach to me. In hope, be - liev - ing a - gainst hope, His promis'd mer - cy will I claim; His gracious word shall bear me up To seek sal - - - va - - tion in his

Loud.

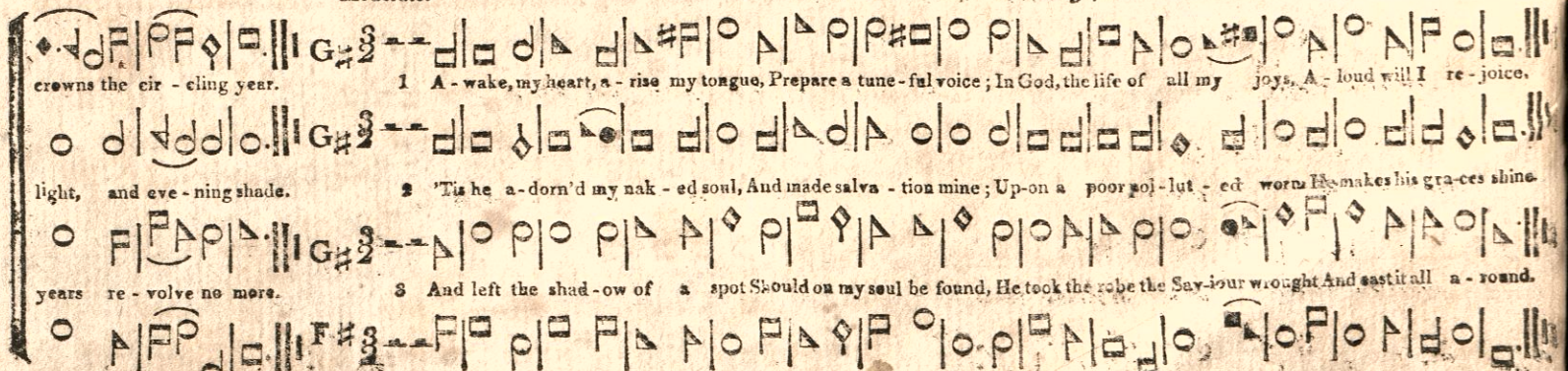

oil; The emp - ty stall no herd af - - ford, And per - - ish all the bleat-ing race; Yet will I tri - umph in the Lord, The God of my sal - - va - tion praise.
name; Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh; My soul shall then out - strip the wind; On wings of love mount up on high, And leave the world and sin be - hind.

ISLINGTON. No. 153.

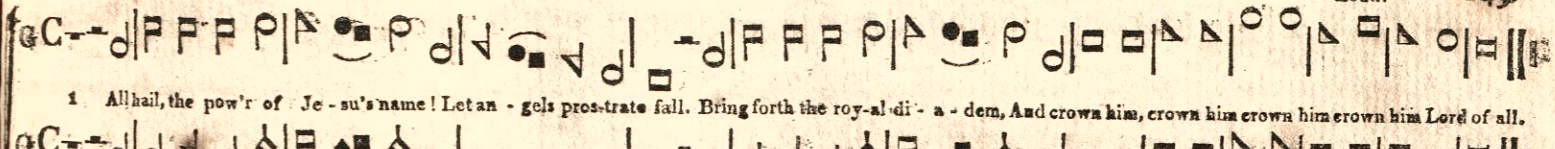

1 E - ter - nal source of eve - ry joy, Well may thy praise our lips em-ploy, While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns, whose good-ness
2 Sea-sons, and months, and weeks, and days, De - mand suc - ces - sive songs of praise; Still be the cheer-ful hom - age paid With op - 'ning light, with op - - 'ning
3 O! may our more har - mo - nious tongues In worlds unknown pur - sue the songs; And in those brighter courts a - - dore, Where days and years, where days and

NAMURE. No. 154.

Moderate.


crowns the cir - cling year. 1 A - wake, my heart, a - rise my tongue, Prepare a tune - ful voice; In God, the life of all my joys, A - loud will I re - joice.
light, and eve - ning shade. 2 'Tis he a - dorn'd my nak - ed soul, And made salva - tion mine; Up-on a poor pol - lut - ed worm He makes his gra-ces shine.
years re - volve no more. 3 And left the shad - ow of a spot Should on my soul be found, He took the robe the Sav-iour wrought And cast it all a - round.

EPHESUS. No. 155.


1 All hail, the pow'r of Je - su's name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall. Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him crown him crown him Lord of all.
2 Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, A rem - nant weak and small; Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Lord of all.
3 Let eve - ry kind - red, eve - ry tribe On this ter - res-tial ball, To him all ma-jes - ty ascribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Lord of all.
4 O that with yon-der sac-red throng, We at his feet may fall; There join the ev-er - lasting song, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

HEBRON. No. 156.

1 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heav'nly King; Let age to age thy righteous - ness In songs of glo-ry sing.
2 God reigns on high, but ne'er con-fines His goodness to the skies; Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines, And eve - ry want sup-plies.

Moderate.

1 When the fierce north wind, with his air - y for - ces, Rears up the Bal - tic to a foam - ing fu - ry; And the red light - ning, with a storm of hail, come
2 How the poor sail - ors stand a - maz'd & tremble! While the hoarse thunder, like a blood - y trumpet, Roar a loud on - set to the gap - ing wa - ters,
3 Stop here, my fan - - cy; (all a - way, ye hor - rid Doleful i - de - as,) come, a - rise to Je - sus, How he sits God-like! and the saints a - round him
9 O may I sit there when he comes tri-um Phant, Dooming the na - tions! then as-cend to glo - ry, While our ho - san - nas all a - long the pas - sage

Moderate.

GALILEE. No. 158.

Rushing a - - main down, Rushing a - - main down.
1 Come let us as - cend, My com - pan - ion and friend; To a taste of the ban - quet
Quick to de - vour them, Quick to de - vour them.
2 Who in Je - - sus con - fide, They are bold to out - ride All the storms of af - flic - - tion
Thron'd, yet a-dor-ing, Thron'd, yet a - dor - - ing!
5 What a rap - tu - rous song, When the glo - ri - fied throng In the spir - it of har mo -
Shout the Re - deemer, Shout the Re - - deem-er.
6 Hal - le - lu - - jah, they cry, To the King of the sky, To the great ev - er - last - - ing

Soft. Loud.

bove; If thy heart be as mine, If for Je - - - sus it pine, Come up in - - to the char - - iot of love, Come up in - - to the char - iot of love

neath. With the Prophet they soar To that heav - en - ly shore, And out - fly all the ar - - - rows of death, And out - fly all the ar - - rows of death.

join! Join all the glad choirs, Hearts, voi - - ces, and lyres, And the bur - den is mer - - cy di - vine, And the bur - den is mer - cy di - - vine.

Am. To the Lamb that was slain And now liv - - eth a - - gain; Hal - le - - lu - - jah to God and the Lamb, Hal - le - lu - - jah to God and the Lamb.

Cheerful.

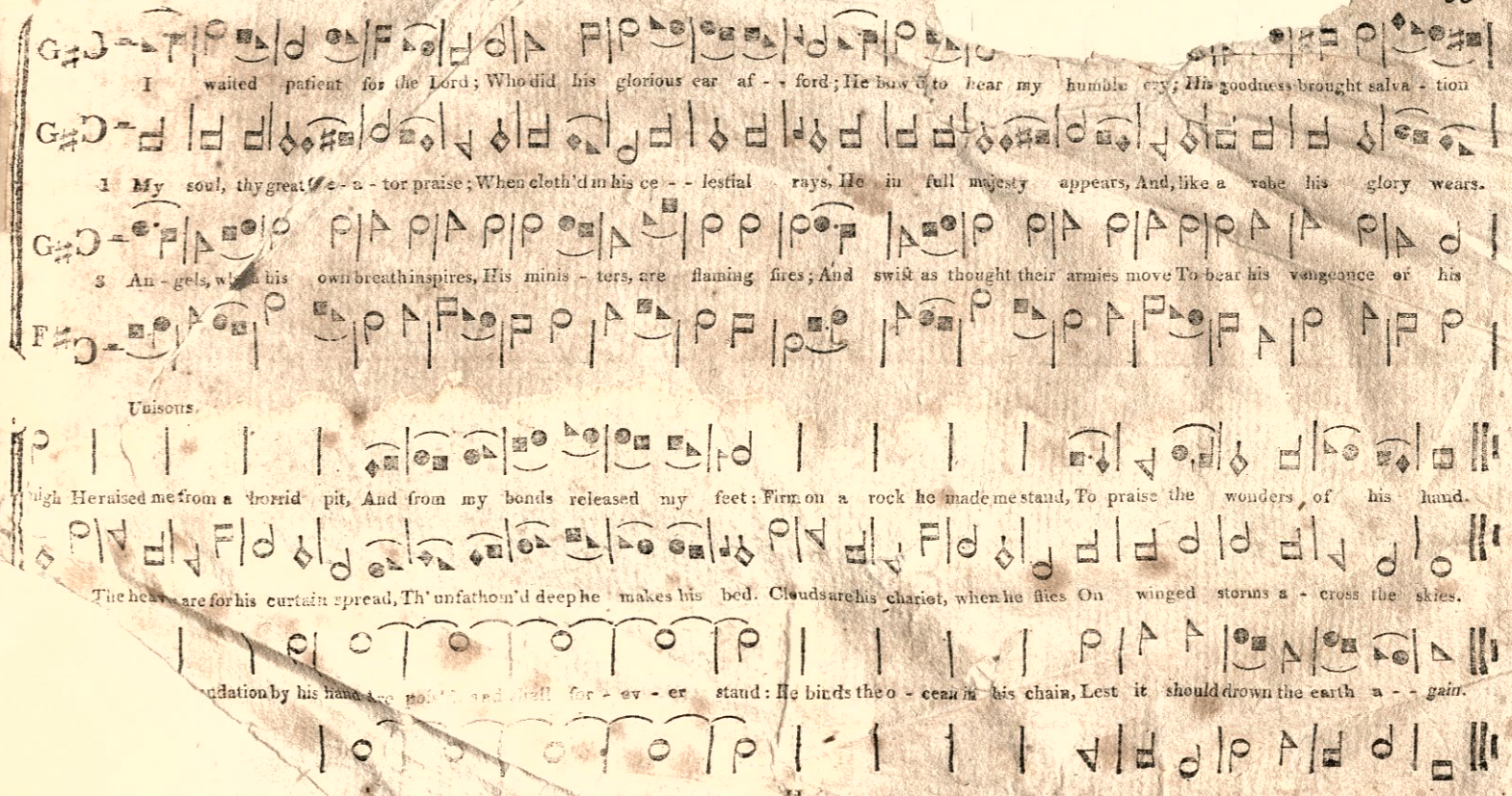
CYPRUS. No. 159.

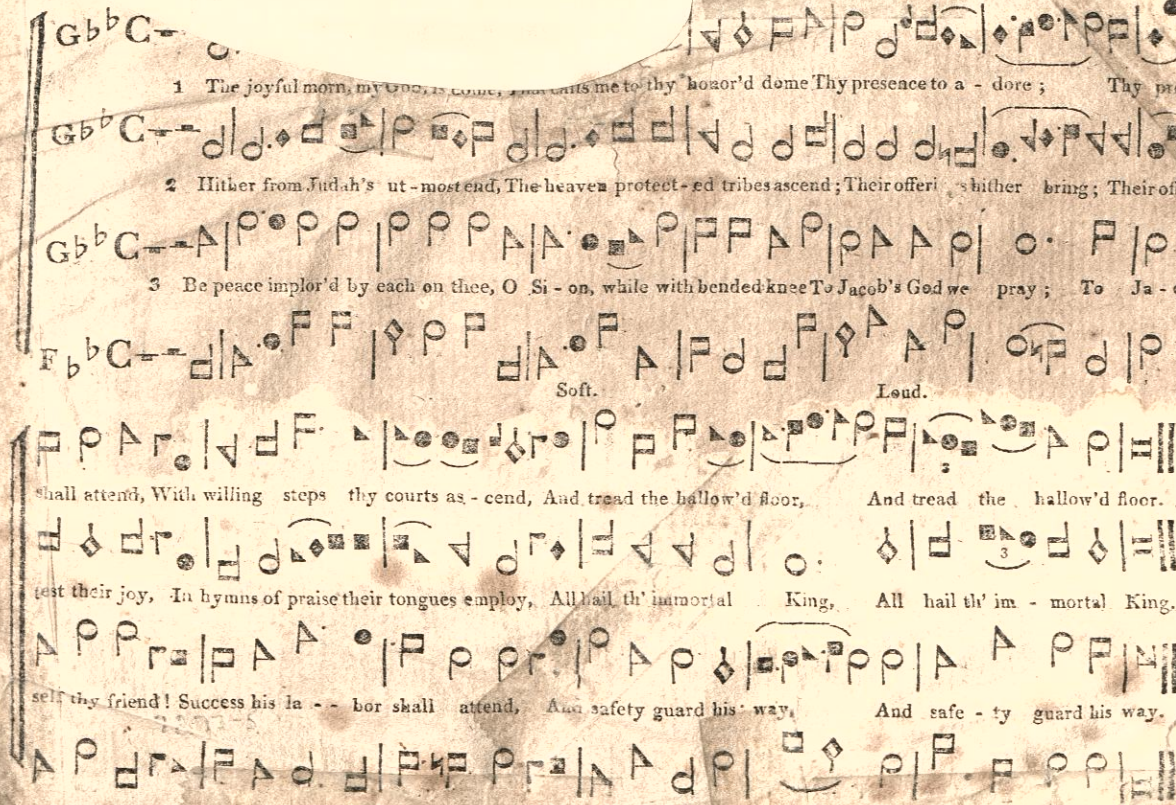
1 Lord, I have made thy word my choice, My last - ing her - it - - age; Then shall my no - blest pow'rs re - - joice, My warm - est thoughts en - gage

2 I'll read the hist - 'ries of thy love, And keep thy laws in sight, While thro' the prom - i - ses I rove With ev - er fresh de - - light,

1 What shall I render to my God For all his kindness shown? My feet shall vis - it thine abode, My songs address thy throne. A - mong
3 How much is mer - cy thy de - light, Thou ev - - er blessed God! How dear thy servants in thy sight! How precious is their blood! How hap -
5 Now I am thine, for ev - - er thine, Nor shall my purpose move; Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain, And bound me with thy love. Here in
Loud.
saints that fill thine house, Among the saints that fill thine house My off - 'rings shall be paid; There shall my seal perform the vows My soul in an-guish m
all thy servants are, How hap - py all thy servants are! How great thy grace to me! My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I de - vote to the
courts I leave my vow, Here in thy courts I leave my vow, And thy rich grace re-cord; Witness, ye saints, who hear me now, If I forsake the L

Moderate.


I waited patient for the Lord; Who did his glorious ear af - - ford; He bow'd to hear my humble cry; His goodness brought salva - tion
1 My soul, thy great Cre - a - tor praise; When cloth'd in his ce - - lestial rays, He in full majesty appears, And, like a robe his glory wears.
3 An - gels, with his own breath inspires, His minis - ters, are flaming fires; And swift as thought their armies move To bear his vengeance or his
Unisons.
high He raised me from a horrid pit, And from my bonds released my feet: Firm on a rock he made me stand, To praise the wonders of his hand.
The heav'ns are for his curtain spread, Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed. Clouds are his chariot, when he flies On winged storms a - cross the skies.
ndation by his hand are laid, and shall for - ev - er stand: He binds the o - cean in his chain, Lest it should drown the earth a - - gain.


1 The joyful morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy honor'd dome Thy presence to a - dore ; Thy presence to a - dore ; My feet the summons
2 Hither from Judah's ut - most end, The heaven protect - ed tribes ascend ; Their offerings hither bring ; Their offerings hither bring ; Here, eager to at -
3 Be peace implor'd by each on thee, O Si - on, while with bended knee To Jacob's God we pray ; To Ja - cob's God we pray ; How bless'd, who calls him
Soft.
Loud.
shall attend, With willing steps thy courts as - cend, And tread the hallow'd floor, And tread the hallow'd floor.
test their joy, In hymns of praise their tongues employ, All hail th' immortal King, All hail th' im - mortal King.
self thy friend ! Success his la - - bor shall attend, And safety guard his way, And safe - ty guard his way.
4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear
Nor war's wild wastes deplore
May plenty nigh thee like her stand,
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.
5 Seat of my friends and bre
How can my tongue, O
To bless thy to
How cease the
Thy good to
The m

Rodney Royce

His Book

King, All hail th' im - mortal King.

And safe - ly guard his way.